

BY J. L. BROWN.

COLMA, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1910.

VOL. 2. NO. 10.

BRIEF NEWS NOTES OF HAPPENINGS IN NORTHEAST TOWNS

What Your Neighbors Have Been Doing During the Past Week.

Interesting Events in This Part of San Mateo County Reviewed in Terse Paragraphs.

Smile!—be it ever so painful.

Mrs. Will Fisher is visiting in Los Gatos.

A house for rent furnished—419 Los Olivos avenue. *10

A Republican club is being organized in Vista Grande.

Mrs. C. A. Kirkpatrick and daughter, Thais, are visiting in Berkeley.

Mrs. I. B. Bell, of Alameda, visited her mother, Mrs. B. Behre, Sunday.

J. Medo has purchased a lot in Hillcrest and will erect a cottage soon.

John Olson is building a cottage on his Santa Barbara avenue property.

The Ladies' Aid meets with Mrs. H. Probert next Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. W. W. Ballenger of Sausalito is visiting her mother, Mrs. Thos. Hurd.

The last meeting of the Colma Ladies' Aid was held at Mrs. Kate Wright's.

J. A. Gillan is ill with lumbago and was taken to the Trinity hospital on Tuesday.

The Vista Grande Market was closed Wednesday on account of the butchers' picnic.

First-class union printing right here at home. Quick work and perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

Fire Commissioner Smack is arranging to burn grass in Vista Grande Sunday and otherwise clean up.

The Royal Neighbors and Woodmen will give an entertainment and dance this evening at Knowles Hall.

The Record is prepared to print your election cards with union label and first-class in every particular.

The Grand View Theater that is rapidly nearing completion will be an attractive improvement to the hill.

The success that is following the trial of the Hillcrest water plant is quite encouraging to the people.

The Protestant Sunday School of Colma meets every Sunday at 9:30. Mrs. H. W. Brown is superintendent.

Mrs. G. W. and W. J. White and daughter, Mrs. J. Cinnamon, visited Mrs. J. Doyle in Sausalito this week.

F. S. Knowles, after several weeks confinement to the house with la grippe, was on the streets Wednesday.

Men's laundry and family washing done in a first-class manner. Call at 115 Theta avenue, or phone Mission 5817.

Mrs. James Poket presented her husband with a fine baby girl last Saturday evening. Mother and child doing well.

Miss Myrtle Neuman will be confirmed Monday at the California Street Temple and give her reception Sunday, June 19.

The fire commissioners have the badges for the officials of the various companies, also badges for chimney inspectors.

R. S. K. Mac Millen has been awarded the contract for the building of the San Bruno school house, the price being \$15,990.

Mrs. "Font" did a pleasant surprise to the Friends of the Forest Tuesday evening by treating them to ice cream at the Crest.

Dr. W. G. Beattie's mother, Mrs. Geo. Beattie, of Georgetown, Cal., is visiting him, accompanied by her daughter, Annie.

Mrs. Leslie, who fell and injured her hip and was taken to the German Hospital, is improving and will likely be home next week.

The Civic Betterment League of San Mateo County meets every Tuesday evening at Hillcrest Drive and Mission Road, in Pappa's Hall.

San Bruno had a rousing mass meeting last Saturday evening and set in motion a project to incorporate that town.

Death of Ella Mulloy.

The beautiful California sky by day, and at night the stars shine from heaven and the moon sheds its mellow light over the grave of poor Ella Mulloy in Holy Cross, whose only fault was constancy and whose virtues caused the admiration of all who knew her. In the prime of life and vigor, her death would have been a shock to her many Colma friends, but, when it is practically certain that her demise was the result of foul play, a feeling of horror and unusual regret pervades the mind. Ella went to the city a week ago Tuesday, and when she did not return as usual her friends became anxious and began an investigation, but not until Monday was word received of her, when it was learned that she was in the morgue. There is much mystery surrounding the matter and the police are investigating, but will not likely make much effort to ferret out the dastardly fiends who are responsible for the death. Ella Mulloy was 34 years of age, and was interested in the Boulevard Road-house, corner Mission road and School street, with Caleb Coakley. She also had other property interests amounting to several thousand dollars. She had resided in Colma since the fire, and was well known and respected, and no one can say that she ever conducted herself other than a perfect lady. Sadness—let us drop a sincere tear on the grave of poor Ella Mulloy, for that grave is the resting place of a true friend.

A cemetery car ran into a bakery wagon at School street Monday morning, killing one of the horses and damaging the wagon slightly.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of Crocker Tract Improvement Club are arranging a box social at Grace Presbyterian church, Saturday June 11.

Mrs. C. V. Wright, of Hillcrest, fell Monday and broke her wrist. Dr. Rowland attended the case and reports the lady as improving.

A Vogler has returned from the hospital very much improved. The report that his hand would have to be amputated proved to be a mistake.

Mrs. Francesca Rosa, of Colma, died at St. Luke's Hospital Sunday, aged 42. The funeral took place Wednesday and was largely attended at Holy Cross.

Duck Sullivan, that enterprising young business man of Salida Beach, was on the hill Tuesday and became a member of the Civic Betterment League.

The Salvation Army start their meetings Tuesday evening at 21 Carlos avenue, Hillcrest, and will meet every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings at 7:30.

The Record's new job printing department is meeting with good success, and the high grade of work that is being turned out is receiving universal praise.

For Sale.—On easy terms, or exchange for ranch, in Colma, fine lot 50x100, well improved; 3-room house, property well. Address Paul Fisher, Box 92, Colma. 12*

The man, W. P. Cole, who was found at Hillcrest last week with his throat cut, died at the City and County Hospital Sunday. He is supposed to have been insane.

Florence Hurd celebrated her fifth birthday Friday. Her little friends present were Mildred White, Olin and Mildred Brown, Fay Crowley, Edith Turner and Ray Brown.

For the Vista Grande Fire Department Fourth of July celebration, the beautiful quarter cards, printed in red and blue ink, are the production of the Record job printing department.

No need to go to the city for **Job Printing.** The Record has installed a beautiful outfit, first class in every particular, latest designs in type and every modern facility for producing perfect results.

Sam Cerf, who is playing second alto for the National Guard band, informs us that the band will take its annual camping trip next week. In the meantime Mrs. Cerf will visit her aunt in Petaluma.

Mrs. M. A. Johnson, 614 Mission Road, has added to her dry goods stock a line of ready-to-wear ladies' shirtwaists and children's dresses. Also Union-made overalls for men and boys. Special prices this week.

Great Boom in Building. The biggest in San Mateo County in years. H. H. Smith has increased his lumber yard to satisfy the demands of the people. Patronize home and your neighbor who has interests in your own town.

SCHOOL QUESTION HARMONIZED.

The Harmonious Mass Meeting Friday Evening, June 3, Made History.

The Jefferson School District is in peace and harmony. Last Friday evening's meeting for the final settlement of the perplexing question that has dragged its weary length along for the past three years, retarding progress and causing discord in many ways, marked an era of a new order of things. The spirit of unity and desire to be just pervaded the minds of all and the deliberations were remarkably harmonious in every way.

Charles Suenderman, secretary of the Board of Trustees, called the meeting to order as provided by law, whereupon J. S. O'Brien was unanimously elected chairman, acting secretary, J. L. Brown, being instructed to cast the ballot.

The selection of Mr. O'Brien was greeted with tremendous applause, who upon assuming the chair, pleasantly acknowledged the honor conferred and then introduced District Attorney J. J. Bullock, who in his usual pleasing manner stated the law and then volunteered any assistance in his power.

The first question was whether one or two school buildings should be erected, and upon motion it was decided by a unanimous vote that there be two, one in Crocker Tract and the other in Vista Grande. Then came the selection of sites. There was no contest in the Crocker Tract and the 12 lots that had been reserved for school purposes were selected, the price being \$6,000. In Vista Grande there

were three sites presented, necessitating a ballot, resulting in the selection of the site known as the "Lily Patch" (a name derived from the beautiful Calla lily), the price being \$6,500. This plot is on the Mission road and a most beautiful location, that will undoubtedly become very valuable. The Crocker Tract site is equally desirable and we are assured of two very fine buildings that will be a credit to the district.

When the sites were settled upon, a resolution was unanimously passed requesting the Trustees to employ none but union labor, and residents of this district in the construction of these buildings, and that work be started as soon as possible.

This advice was unnecessary, though it is not out of place that such a sentiment be officially expressed by the people. Our Board of Trustees, Messrs. Bell, Suenderman and Savage, are in perfect harmony with these wishes, and are fully alive to the need of speedy action. Already have they begun their good work by paying a ten per cent deposit on the purchase price of the sites, which was done on Wednesday, and arrangements will be made for the erection of the buildings as soon as possible. In this connection, it is the Record's pleasure to mention the fitting qualifications of our trustees, and the Jefferson School District is to be congratulated upon having its affairs in the hands of so capable and honest a Board at this time.

VOTE FOR THE FIRE TAX Saturday June 11

Elsewhere in this issue of the Record will be found the Fire Tax Election Notice for the establishment and maintenance of the Vista Grande Fire Department. The advantages to be derived from an adequate fire protection are incalculable. It means the saving of a great deal of property, thus making the risks less hazardous, and the underwriters are already promising a big reduction in insurance

rates as soon as the Fire Department is established and equipped. Every public-spirited and good citizen is therefore in duty bound to do their utmost toward carrying the election by a large vote, for the more enthusiasm thus manifested, the greater interest will be gained from the insurance companies, who stand ready to reduce the present exorbitant insurance rates to a nominal figure, as soon as they can feel justified in doing so.

The remains of an unknown man were found in Knowles gulch, west of Ocean Shore tract Saturday. At the inquest a hypodermic syringe was found on the body and it is supposed suicide had been the cause of death.

Chas. P. Lambert, the monumental worker, is an expert at his profession and makes a specialty of letter-cutting on monuments in cemeteries—gilded if desired. Shop and residence near Mt. Olivet and the Italian cemeteries.

The Record is willing to announce matters of public benefit free, but it does not seem like justice to have the printing done in the city by shops who have no interest in this community, and could not help it like the Record can if they wanted to.

Sam'l Cerf made a trip to Redwood City Monday in the interest of the Eagles' Souvenir Program, that is being printed at this office, and received liberal financial support for the book. This is a fine scheme for advertising and our home merchants should bear it in mind.

By giving your job printing to the Record, you thereby assist your home paper and enable it to more effectually assist you and your interests in this locality. If you get your printing elsewhere, you get nothing in return compared to the assistance that the Record can and will give you if you will just "tote fair."

The service of the Vista Grande postoffice is certainly excellent. A letter mailed either at the office or in the box at the corner of Mission and Hillcrest Drive, any time during the night, will be taken up in time to arrive in the city for all the outbound morning trains, or for delivery to any part of San Francisco before noon.

Dr. P. D. Rowland, Physician and Surgeon of the German Hospital, has office hours in the Knowles building, Hillcrest, from 7:00 to 8:30 p. m. Hospital hours, 9:00 to 12 a. m.; phone Park 349. Residence, 117 Peoria street, near Green avenue, Crocker Tract, phone Mission 7504.

Vista Grande Republican Club.

As stated in last week's Record, a temporary organization of a Vista Grande Republican Club has been effected. Wednesday evening the club met at Bracken's Hall and the organization was made permanent, with officers selected as follows: President, Dennis Quillinan; vice-president, Chris Peterson; secretary, John McMahon; treasurer, Frank Smack; sergeant at arms, Chas. Cramer; executive board, W. J. Clinton, Julius Azinger, John Brackan, G. W. Savage, J. H. Parker. The meeting was largely attended and much enthusiasm manifested. Ellis C. Johnson was unanimously endorsed for Justice of the Peace, and George W. Savage was unanimously endorsed for Constable. The Executive Board will meet Saturday evening to draw up a constitution. Next Wednesday evening, June 15, Congressman Hayes will be present at the meeting and a general invitation is extended.

No Kick on Redwood City Celebration.

While at Redwood City Monday several gentlemen remarked to the writer that it was unjust to Redwood City that there should be a celebration in Vista Grande on the Fourth, because of the extensive arrangements that have been made at the county seat to celebrate both the Natal Day and the completion of the new court house. The Record is authorized to say by Fire Commissioner Quillinan that the Fire Department's celebration here is not in the nature of antagonism, but for the purpose of affording pleasure to those who do not feel able to stand the expense of taking their large families to Redwood, and others who would not leave home anyway.

Fourth of July at Vista Grande.

The Vista Grande Fire Department Fourth of July celebration to be held at Vista Grande Park, is being arranged with great care and will no doubt be a grand success, both financially and in affording the greatest pleasure to those who attend. The celebration begins with a ball game at 10 a. m., followed by sumptuous refreshments, then will come dancing and all manner of interesting games and contests. Hon. Dennis Quillinan, Fire Commissioner, and other prominent speakers will address the crowd. The proceeds will go to the benefit of the Fire Department, a most laudable cause, certainly.

Dr. F. J. H. Bush, Dentist.

Dr. F. J. H. Bush opened up his Dental Parlors in the Knowles Building, Monday, March 14, 1910, with office hours from 10 a. m. to 7 p. m. on week days, and from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m. Sundays, and respectfully solicits the patronage of the public. Dr. Bush is a first-class dentist in every branch of his profession, and always gives perfect satisfaction.

Heavy Storm in East Africa.

Lisbon.—Mail advices received from Inhamban, Portuguese East Africa, confirm earlier reports of the devastation wrought by the cyclone that swept over the coast of Mozambique early in April. Many bodies have been washed ashore from the shipwrecks, which include the loss of a steamer with 400 natives aboard. Most of the Government offices at Inhamban were blown down.

The sentiment favorable to the establishment of the fire district seems to be unanimous because of the great benefit it will be in protection from fires, and also in the reduction of insurance rates that are now almost prohibitive. The election takes place on Saturday, June 11, and it is hoped there will be a large vote polled, as that will have much to do with the determination of the underwriters in insurance rate reductions.

The meeting of the general committee composed of representatives from South San Francisco, San Bruno and Colma, having in hand the project of getting another Justice of the Peace and Constable in this township, met at the Civic Betterment League headquarters at 10 o'clock Sunday morning, to which a general invitation is extended.

Bridgeport, Conn.—For the first time in Connecticut a woman's name appears on a regular party ticket for State office. Ella Reeve Bloor of Waterbury has received the nomination for Secretary of State from the Socialists.

CIVIC BETTERMENT LEAGUE WIDE-AWAKE

Pass Resolution For Incorporation of The North End District Cities.

Now is The Time to Succeed—Fine Chance to Benefit Ourselves by Securing our Rights

The Civic Betterment League is proving itself well worthy the name because of the progressive spirit manifested on all subjects. Its influence had much to do with the harmonious settlement of the school question, and, as was stated in the Record last week, the League made the initial move for securing an additional justice of the peace and constable in this township, which will ultimately result in much good.

Incorporation is now regarded as the paramount issue by the League and at the regular meeting last Tuesday evening, the following resolution was introduced:

"Resolved that it be adopted as the sense of this organization that the best interest of this community will be conserved and promoted by the formation of the district in which we reside into a corporate body—Incorporation, and that the executive committee of this League be requested to take under active and immediate advisement the matter of planning and promoting a vigorous campaign having for its aim and object the bringing about of such an incorporation."

This was received with enthusiasm and a general cheer of approbation, followed by stirring and pointed addresses favoring the project by Messrs. Mathew Callan, C. W. Butler, Gust Johnson, J. S. O'Brien, W. N. Talbot and others.

There are a thousand reasons favorable to incorporation, as has been maintained from time to time by the Record, and there is no doubt but that the present time is opportune. Especially is this now the case, because of the certain location of the Panama-Pacific Exposition at the Laguna de la Merced, the grandest and most beautiful natural site ever known for a great exposition. 'Tis the logical location and the only thing to prevent the great fair from coming to our door is that San Francisco may fall in securing it. While there is some opposition to San Francisco from New Orleans, San Francisco is the logical location for this Pacific Ocean celebration, and its progressive spirit and liberal request to Congress in asking merely recognition, while New Orleans wants a big appropriation, makes it quite likely that both Tanforan and New Orleans will fall in persuading Congress to ignore the just claims of San Francisco.

California's Pacific Coast extends for a distance of over one thousand miles, and San Francisco with her suburban cities, has a population fully three times that of any other city on the coast, and with the finest harbor in the world, is the only logical location. Besides, the wonderful energy of that rebuilt city makes the name, San Francisco, a synonym of a world-wonder, that everybody in the world would like to see.

Incorporation would at once make this the largest city in San Mateo county, that would of itself enable us to secure advantages, aside from the exposition, that are now entirely beyond our reach, because we are simply "out in the country up there in the north end," as has been said of us.

Opportunity is knocking at our door right now, and there never will be a greater chance or more opportune time for us. Every individual is interested—the exposition would increase our population to fully 25,000—and the sooner we get in action the surer will come the realization of our fondest hopes.

The Civic Betterment League is on the right track and will undoubtedly obtain results that will be greatly beneficial to us all. Some say, "wait until after the election to incorporate." No! now is the time, for we'll get more consideration now than we would after everybody gets elected. Besides, if it's good to incorporate, why delay in securing the benefit?

COLMA RECORD

Issued Every Friday

J. L. BROWN, Editor and Proprietor

"The old hen laid a dozen eggs," writes the poet. Which is important, if true.

Chicago school children are taught how to cook beef. Why not show them how to get it?

The man that wore his affinity's name in his hat band evidently had something on his mind.

Ty Cobb will receive \$9,000 a year for three years, which goes to show that it is the hits that get the money.

A man in California caught a young octopus. The accounts did not specify whether it was of the milk or beef variety.

Kentucky raises more hemp than any state in the Union, and yet she has substituted the electric chair for the gallows.

William Rockefeller announces that the Standard Oil Company is going to test the Sherman act. The Sherman act must be a pretty good act.

One of the scientists announces that there is a fortune in skimmed milk. Perhaps he lives where the health department doesn't watch very closely.

The movement to cultivate vacant lots is a commendable one. They should certainly be able to raise something better than a crop of oyster and tomato cans.

A chemical analysis shows that 99 per cent of a cup of tea is water. This does not refer to boarding house tea, which contains even a greater percentage of water.

As he did not pass the endurance test of a ninety-mile horseback ride, one of the rear-admirals of the navy is to be retired. Would it not have been more appropriate to try him on swimming?

A Massachusetts commission of investigation has found that the cost of living is less in Canada than it is in this country. But of course the battling average of the joy of living in this country is higher.

In a New York court a baby's cry saved its father from going to prison by moving the pity of the judge. If it had been a good baby that never cried, this wouldn't have happened, which makes the moral of the story rather mixed.

Some small boys in Gotham tied up a playmate and set his clothing on fire and only prompt rescue by passersby saved him from serious injury. The little tormentors were dismissed with a reprimand, which shows why some people think Solomon knew what he was talking about.

"Gypsy Smith," the famous evangelist, who conducted a series of successful religious meetings in America last winter, has been leading a ten days' mission in Paris. This is the first time since Moody and Sankey visited the city in 1882 that Protestant revival meetings have been held in the French capital.

The national House of Representatives has passed a bill creating an art commission which shall exercise powers of supervision over the esthetic side of such work of the government as the erection of public buildings, the placing of statues and other monuments, and the laying out of public parks. The lack of such a body is apparent in almost every American city.

A passage in Sir Ernest Shackleton's account of his antarctic journey illustrates the way in which hardship fosters sympathy. During three months of his experience near the south pole he and his men suffered such extremes of hunger that, as they sat nibbling each his single biscuit, a crumb dropped by any one of them "would be followed by six pairs of eyes," and if the owner had not noticed the loss, his attention would be called to it. "We made up our minds," he recently told a London audience, "that never again would we see a hungry person flattening his nose against a cook-shop without giving him something to eat."

A young man to be a success should train himself never to let anything swerve him from his purpose, and when once he undertakes to do a thing he should follow it up to the very end. Because others may predict failure is no reason for a young man to assume that a task cannot be brought to a successful termination. Be honest and above board in all you undertake. This will stand you well in case that your acts require a rigid investigation on the part of your superiors. Be energetic and show the keenest interest in your work and seek all of the knowledge that you can. The time will come in every man's life when he will be called upon to show his real worth. Opportunity in some cases may seek the man, but the man for opportunity generally is the man who has learned his lesson of thrift and energy exceedingly well. Be honest in your dealings both with your employer as well as those you do business with, as a breach of trust is the hardest mistake for a man to live down. Stick to your vocation, study it, try to prove it and declare to yourself that if you win

you will not slip a cog, but will make others follow as fast as they made you

President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard University was recently quoted as favoring a law to authorize physicians to put hopeless patients out of their misery by painless means. He denies the accuracy of the report. He says he does not believe in the right of one person to kill another to end his agony, but he does believe that we should avail ourselves of anodynes, even though their use in a hopeless case may shorten the brief remaining span of life. This amounts to much the same thing as the statement alleged to be erroneous, except that Dr. Eliot seems to hint at suicide rather than professional murder. The patient may take anodynes until his pain is relieved and risk fatal consequences. But it must be remembered that many agonized patients are in a condition which incapacitates them for voluntary action; and most of them could not procure the powerful anodynes required without a doctor's prescription. What shall the doctor do in such a case? Shall he give the medicine with the primary object of relieving the pain and risk the killing? If the patient dies would the present law exonerate the physician? Would the court and jury presume, as in the case of a serious surgical operation, that the intent was merciful and not homicidal? In case of an arraignment and trial the verdict would undoubtedly be influenced by the circumstances. The surgeon who performs what is called a major operation, first notifying the patient and his friends that the effect may be fatal although he hopes for recovery, is never molested if the sufferer dies under the knife. Why may he not take chances with a drug as well as with a saw or cutting instrument? Probably no change in the existing law is needed to cover reasonable cases. Where the parties are all reputable it will usually be presumed that the exigencies of the case required the medicament and that the death was the incidental and not the premeditated outcome.

LOWER STANDARD OF LIVING.

Way to Defeat Present System of High Prices, Prof. Goodnow Says.

There is very little improvement in sight toward lowering the high prices, declares Prof. Frank J. Goodnow of Columbia University in the Delinquent. When eastern farms were cultivated at a profit prices of agricultural commodities were much higher (allowances being made for the then purchasing power of a dollar) than now. And prices will have to go considerably higher than now before those farms can again be profitably cultivated.

It would appear that in the meantime the people will be obliged to adjust themselves to the changed conditions. This will probably involve a lowering of the standard of living, the increase of the rural as compared with the urban population, the development of eastern agricultural lands and of local markets everywhere throughout the country and the abandonment of our present expensive system of distribution.

It will inevitably be accompanied by considerable distress, particularly in the cities. The suffering due to this process of adjustment may undoubtedly be somewhat alleviated by energetic action on the part of the government with reference to the violation of laws prohibiting monopoly and restraint of trade, and by the removal at once of all duties on food products.

But, until the adjustment has been made, prices will probably continue to increase, and, after it has been made, will remain higher than they used to be. For it is hardly conceivable that agricultural commodities can permanently be sold at the prices to which the present generation has been accustomed unless some almost revolutionary changes in agricultural methods are made.

The Hedgehog.

The hedgehog is the possessor of tastes which, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, are "extensive and peculiar," says the Scotsman. Scorning fastidiousness, it can make a hearty meal on nearly any insect and is one of the vertebrates which can tackle the cockroach. For effectual extermination of beetles and crickets it is as useful as a mongoose among the rats, but it is not generally known that it has a partiality toward snakes and adders.

The methods it employs for the attack are interesting. Having come upon the adder, it goes that reptile to the offensive and at the first dart immediately rolls into a ball. The adder is then left to attack the spine, in which encounter it naturally comes off second best. After awhile, when the hedgehog feels that his antagonist has exhausted his power, it once more opens out and makes a bite at the adder's back, thereby breaking its spine. It then proceeds to crunch the whole of the reptile's body by means of its powerful jaws, and after that it is said to start at the tail and devour its prey.

A More Advanced Stage.

Mrs. Caller—Do you know the woman next door well enough to speak to?

Mrs. Subbubs—Well enough? I know her too well to speak to.—Boston Evening Transcript.

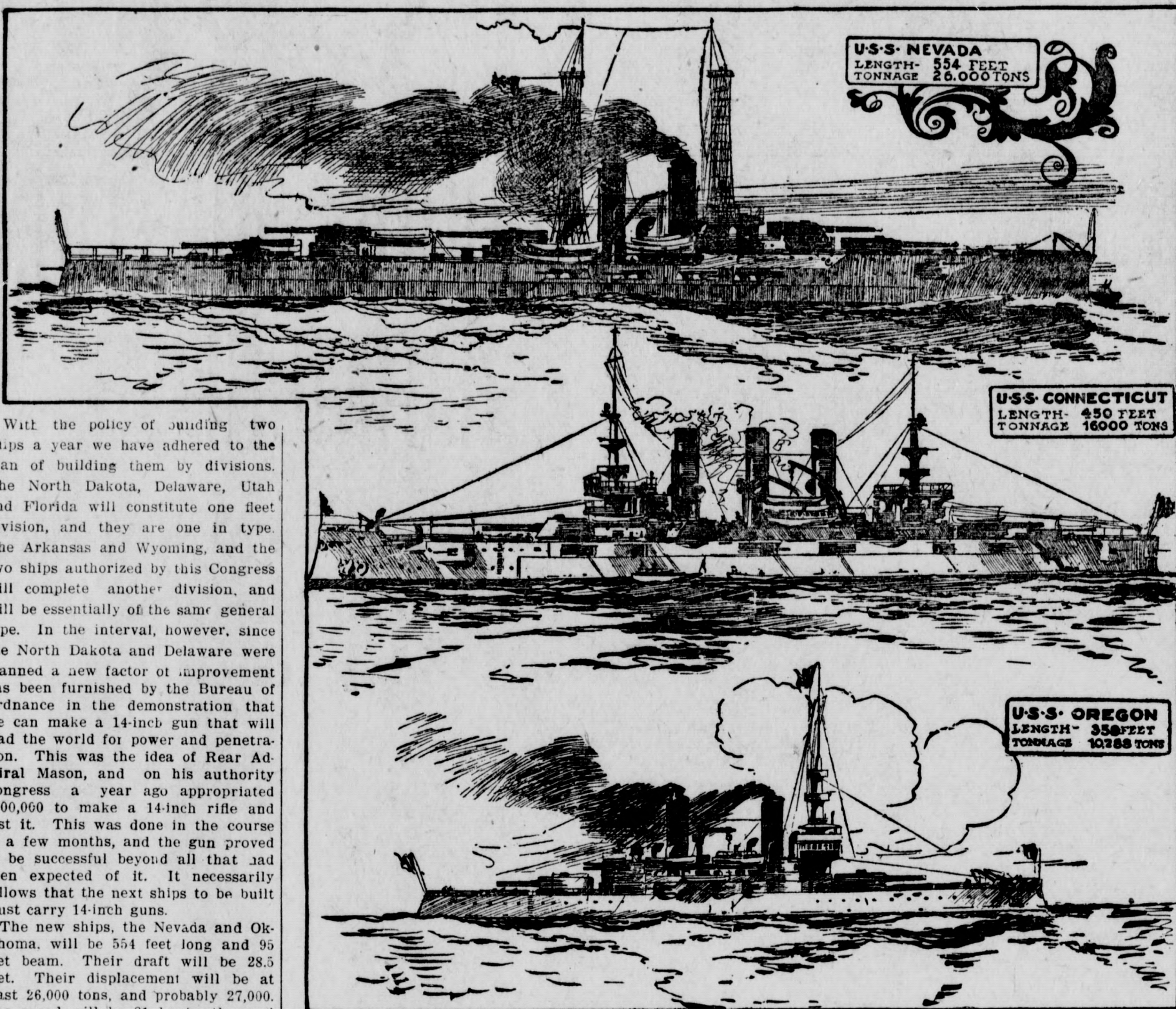
Wears the Unmentionables.

Jack—Who was the best man at your wedding?

Tom—My wife; but I didn't know it.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Everybody likes to attend a wedding—with the possible exception of the bridegroom.

Navy's New Dreadnoughts to Be Greatest Afloat



U.S.S. NEVADA
LENGTH—554 FEET
TONNAGE 26,000 TONS

U.S.S. CONNECTICUT
LENGTH—450 FEET
TONNAGE 16,000 TONS

U.S.S. OREGON
LENGTH—350 FEET
TONNAGE 10,285 TONS

With the policy of building two ships a year we have adhered to the plan of building them by divisions. The North Dakota, Delaware, Utah and Florida will constitute one fleet division, and they are one in type. The Arkansas and Wyoming, and the two ships authorized by this Congress will complete another division, and will be essentially of the same general type. In the interval, however, since the North Dakota and Delaware were planned a new factor of improvement has been furnished by the Bureau of Ordnance in the demonstration that we can make a 14-inch gun that will lead the world for power and penetration. This was the idea of Rear Admiral Mason, and on his authority Congress a year ago appropriated \$100,000 to make a 14-inch rifle and test it. This was done in the course of a few months, and the gun proved to be successful beyond all that had been expected of it. It necessarily follows that the next ships to be built must carry 14-inch guns.

The new ships, the Nevada and Oklahoma, will be 554 feet long and 95 feet beam. Their draft will be 28.5 feet. Their displacement will be at least 26,000 tons, and probably 27,000. The speed will be 21 knots, the coal load 3,000 tons, and they will carry a complement of 75 officers and 1,500 men. The armor will be 11-inch on the belt and on the barbettes and 8-inch on the sides. There will be, in addition to the ten 14-inch guns, seven 5-inch guns. As a floating fortress the ship will thus have two guns for every sector and with overlapping ranges. A 5-inch gun has been placed at the stern to protect from torpedo attack. A similar provision would be made at the stem but for the difficulty of putting a shutter there that will keep out water in heavy seas.

There will be no superstructure for turrets. The middle turret aft and the rear turret forward are raised above their neighbors so that their guns may fire over them. This is an American idea. Foreign navies are just beginning to adopt it. Years ago the superimposed turret was believed to be a good thing, but it was doubted if heavy guns could be used in the superimposed turret. And there was doubt if they could be used in turrets raised above other turrets, although not superimposed over them. To determine the matter once for all in the presence of much debate about it, a practical trial of the matter was made.

It was claimed that the concussion from the 12-inch guns would kill any living being within the lower turret. At first cats and dogs were placed in a turret on the old monitor Florida, now the Tallahassee, and the big guns were

fired. The cats and dogs sustained no injury from the concussion, although the former were somewhat shaken by the contact with the latter once or twice. Then a few midshipmen were put in the turret and again the big guns were fired, and again with no bad results. Then, to make a final and permanent test of the matter, three tough old rear admirals were put in and fired over, and when they came out all right the principle was held to be established that heavy guns could be fired in an engagement over a neighboring turret without any distress to the inmates. That test has been of incalculable value to our navy, and as a consequence the two new ships will be so arranged that they can fire four of their huge guns ahead or astern.

The 14-inch rifle weighs 63.5 tons, or 139,700 pounds. With turret and mount each turret of the new ships, including the two guns, will weigh about 600 tons. About as much more is to be credited in weight to the armorplate. It is calculated that the 26,000-ton ship will carry ten 14-inch guns without difficulty. Remember that in the matter of ammunition the increase of weight is as the cube of the calibre. Where the 12-inch gun throws a projectile weighing 800 pounds, these monster guns will hurl a shell weighing 1,400 pounds. This calls for storage capacity and weight-carrying ability in the new ships. But the 14-inch guns are made so that

they do not of themselves or in their carriages increase the weight in the ratio that the projectile is increased. The powder charge for these guns will be from 365 to 370 pounds. The muzzle velocity in foot seconds will be 2,600. With a trajectory sufficiently high their range might be, as is often claimed, 25 miles. For good, everyday fighting, however, they will do some good hitting at eight or ten miles.

Do you want to have some idea of the terrible fighting efficiency of these new Dreadnoughts—the most powerful that the world has yet seen? Well, for a comparison, take the Connecticut, which only a few years back—say ten—was our greatest ship. She has four 12-inch guns and can throw in five minutes 40 shells weighing 840 pounds. That is 32,600 pounds, or over 16 tons of death and destruction. Assuming that the service of the 14-inch gun will be somewhat slower than that of the 12-inch, it is doubtless safe to say that the ten 14-inch guns on either the Nevada or the Oklahoma will deliver 80 shells in five minutes, or 12,000 pounds of projectiles, with their deadly load of high explosive, any pound of which detonated in the psychological place on the enemy's ship would sink it. You can rake the statistics of the navies of the world and you will nowhere find anything approaching the force of this fire. It is nearly twice that of the best Dreadnought in the British navy to-day.

The new ships will probably have the "peach basket" fire-control towers, which have now been installed on nearly all the battleships. Just at present there is a division of opinion as to the value of these towers, and there are two schools of thought in the navy as to them. A special board is at work to get all the data possible as to the advantages and defects of these towers, and another board will probably be appointed in the near future to consider the matter and make recommendations as to the future policy in regard to them.

If the corresponding bureaus of another country have accomplished what the Bureau of Construction has done since the beginnings of the new navy, 25 years ago, it has been kept from the current history of naval achievement. No praise can be too earnest or distinct for what these officers have done for their country. Their work redounds to the credit of each passing secretary and of the entire body of officers in the navy. When the crucial hour shall come and the fate of the nation may depend on the great naval struggle for which countless millions and unflinching zeal for many years have been given in preparation, to them will be due the victory, if it be a victory. Their share in the result will be, perhaps, less sung than that of the men who command the ships and man the guns, but a generous people will none the less remember their good work.—Philadelphia Ledger.

KING OF KINGS COOKS.

How British Sovereign's Meals Are Prepared by \$10,000 Chef.

Mr. Menager, the head cook at Buckingham palace, occupies an important post in the royal household. His salary is \$10,000 per annum and he is recognized as being one of the greatest culinary artists in the world. The royal kitchen and the whole kitchen staff are under his complete control.

Opening of the main kitchen at one side of it are half a dozen smaller kitchens, and on the other side there are four offices, where the clerical work in connection with the kitchen department are attended to. One of these offices is Mr. Menager's private room.

Mr. Menager does not live in Buckingham palace, but has his private residence close to it. On arriving at the palace—usually about 11 o'clock in the morning—his first care is to inspect the lunch menu for that day, which has been prepared by his first assistant, and also the menu for breakfast the following morning. He then prepares the dinner menu for the following day—a task that occupies him usually a couple of hours.

No two dinners at the royal table are ever the same. Certain dishes are from time to time repeated, frequently by special request of the king, but what may be termed the general scheme of each dinner is always different. One of the side kitchens is reserved solely for Mr. Menager's use, where he carries out experimental culinary operations and is constantly elaborating and working out new ideas. Some dishes have taken him months of preparation before he has decided to put them into the menu. There is one particular sauce which Mr. Menager invented some years ago to which the king has a particular liking. Mr. Menager was making experiments for over three years before he served this sauce to the royal table.

There are many dishes, by the way, which can be tasted nowhere except at the royal table. The secret of their preparation is known only to Mr. Menager, and he guards such secrets with great care. None of his assistants has the least notion of how these special dishes and sauces are prepared. They simply have the handling of the raw materials and each assistant carries out different directions in its preparation for the table.

The dinner menu is submitted every day to their majesties for approval; but this is a mere matter of form, for neither the king nor queen ever thinks of altering or interfering with Mr. Menager's arrangements.

At 3 o'clock a report is laid before the great chef by the order cook of the various meats that have been ordered in accordance with Mr. Menager's instructions of the day before, and also what is called a kitchen report is given to him by the head assistant cook—which is a detailed statement of the manner in which the dinner for that night is to be prepared. After seeing that everything is in order for their evening's work, Mr. Menager generally leaves the palace about 4 o'clock, returning at 6:30, when he never fails to make a personal inspection of the various ranges, ovens and stoves and takes a careful note of the temperature in each.

The preparation of the royal dinner is then begun. Mr. Menager remains in the kitchen while the work is going forward, keeping a keen eye on everything and everyone, and issuing from time to time instructions to his first lieutenant. At 8:50 exactly a bell is rung and the servants who are to bear the dishes to the state dining room enter the kitchen.

At 9 o'clock dinner is served, and Mr. Menager's work for the day is over. He remains in his private room until 10 o'clock, when he receives a message from the king commending the dinner. This is a ceremony his

majesty never forgets to perform.—London Answers

DAKOTA'S MIXED MARRIAGES.

Unions of White Men and Indian Women Not Frowned Upon.

In the Dakotas when a white man weds an aboriginal woman and publicly acknowledges her as his wife he provides her with as good a home and clothing as he can afford, and he treats her as he would treat a white woman. He sees to it that she learns to cook, to sew and to keep house, and in other ways tries to educate and uplift her.

Still more interesting is the fact that these mixed marriages involve little or no social disability. The white husbands are rarely, if ever, barred from associations with the whites because of their wives.

To be sure, a man known to be living with an Indian woman who is "without benefit of clergy," is, as a rule, in the language of one White River plainsman, "putty nigh ostrichized." But this would be true if he were known to be maintaining similar relations with a white woman.

"Such loose-fitted tie-ups used to be kind o' common around here," said my White River man, according to a writer in Everybody's, "and nobody thought much about 'em. But there's so many schoolma'ams come out here from New England and other places that folks don't stand for that sort o' thing no more."

Legally married Indian wives pay no more social penalty than do their white husbands. Generally, the little red hen sticks to her home and does not go out with her white husband for a social evening as often as would a wife of her own race. But this is largely a matter of Indian temperament.

As for the half-blood children, as they grow up they are asked to the country dance or the picnic with the white young men and women of the

community. Some of the handsome, well-educated young half-breeds are in as much demand at social functions as are those whose parents both belong to the "superior race."

In the schools, too, the half-breed children mingle with the children of white families on equal terms and suffer little, if anything, from race prejudices or preferment.

Windmills as Newsmonkeys.

In Holland births, marriages and deaths are indicated by windmills. When a miller is married he stops his mill with the arms or the wheel in a slanting position and with the sails unfurled. His friends and guests frequently do the same with their mills in token of the ceremony. To indicate a birth the wheel is stopped in a slanting position, but at a more acute angle than that of a marriage, and with the two upper sails unfurled. Should a miller die the sails of his mill are all furled, and the wheel is turned round until the arms form an upright cross, in which position they are left until after the funeral.

Self-Sacrifice.

"I guess I'll go back to the country," said the gentle grandmother.

"What's the trouble?" inquired her son-in-law. "Aren't we treating you right?"

"Yes. But the baseball season is here, and I won't be able to resist the temptation to see the games."

"No. If I am seen in the grandstand looking hale and hearty I'll be almost sure to spoil somebody's excuse for being away from the office."—Washington Star.

Willingly.

He—I asked your father's consent by telephone.

She—What did he say?

He—He said, "I don't know who you are, but it's all right."—Home Life.

By the time you see where you made your mistake it is too late.



FEMININE FANCIES

THINGS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

EVENING COIFFURES OF 1910.



Weather Terms Illustrated.
Maiden with a powder puff
Dabbing here and there—
This reported weather-wisdom
Means, "Continued fair."

Hubby coming home at one,
Zigzag course a-wending—
Weather signal in this case
Would be, "Storm impending."

Baby climbing on a chair,
If she slips and falls,
It is not unlikely that
There'll be "Sudden squalls."

Girl and lover have a spat,
She flings down his flowers;
Lover, angry, grabs his hat
And rushes off—that's "Showers."

Man sees tailor on the street,
Seems a trifle nettled,
Crosses to the other side—
That suggests "Unsettled."
—Boston Transcript.

Feminine Misers.
"Miser" has always been recognized as referring to men only. The grim picture of the miser has shown a keen-faced, thin-chested man, bending over his hoard. But recently several women have died in great apparent poverty, and their death has revealed considerable sums of money hidden among their poor belongings. In one case the amount was amazingly large, twenty thousand dollars being found in actual money in various hiding places in one room.

The vice of miserliness is really mysterious to the normal woman, whose heart naturally beats in sympathy with the needs of her neighbors. A thousand women are improvident by virtue of their instinctive generosity, to one who is stingy, because she loves the feeling that she has money.

Never was there a more wastefully misdirected force than in the career of the miserly woman. Think of her self-denials, her cold-heartedness, assumed for her own end, her endurance of hardness and her long years of silence and abstinence! That her suffering is worse than useless does not detract from the courage and persistence it involves. To eat and drink of the coarsest and scantiest fare, to shiver in cold and stifle in heat, to go ragged and dirty, and to know oneself hateful to one's little world—this way of life, if chosen for a good and generous end, would be sufficient to enthrone a plain woman as a saint.

The miser lives in a world where all the moral values are upside down. By just so much as the miserly woman practices the austere virtues does she become the slave of her own greed. Instead of losing her life that she may save it, she loses it that she may lose life, joy, soul itself, a thousandfold more hopelessly. She plunges into the dark gulf of a misery masquerading as pleasure. The mask drops and the horrible truth is revealed only when the last words of the tragedy are spoken: "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out!"—Youth's Companion.

Health and Beauty Hints.

Add a few drops of carbolide acid to an ounce of rosewater and glycerin and use it for removing fruit or vegetable stains from the hands.

For the baggy appearance under the eyes rub gently with the tips of the fingers dipped in alcohol. Afterward massage in the same way with cold cream.

Baking soda gives instant relief to a burn or scald. Applied, either wet or dry, to the burned part immediately the sense of relief is magical. It seems to draw out the heat and with it the pain.

For hard-working persons, especially brain workers, an excellent health preserver is the habit of passing a half-hour lying prone in the middle of the day; best if combined with recreation and fresh air.

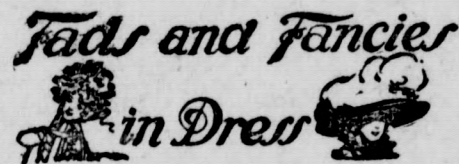
Don't consider it an economy to put children's feet into last summer's outgrown stockings. Short feet in stockings may even do the foot an injury that will require years of expensive shoes to counteract.

Soutache-Embroidered Suit.



The walking skirt of this pale blue linen suit is laid in wide side plaits, stitched down flatly almost to the knees and finished around the bottom with a broad, tailor-stitched hem. The belted, Russian coat is of knee-length, has seamless shoulders, cut in one half

sleeves extending to the elbow, and a front fastening beginning at the left shoulder and running diagonally to the hem of the garment. The soutache braiding of self color is applied in military manner and outlines the low-cut neck, the front edge of the coat and trims the belt. The pale blue coarse straw hat has a brim banded with black velvet, a blue tussah band about the crown and a blue "Chanticleer" aigrette.



Woolen materials are of the coarsest weaves.

Figured silks are vying with two-toned effects for street and house dresses.

Collarettes are of lace tulle, hand-embroidered linen or figured net. Some have touches of black velvet in the form of tiny bows on the front.

Cloth of gold and silver tissue comes again to a supple and glistening rescue when the dull rose and mahogany shades cry for a contrasting touch.

Heavy lace incrustated with gems shows that the styles so popular in the winter have been recognized as worthy of repetition for spring evening gowns.

Baby curls and ringlets have returned to fashion's favor, this season for wear with the sugar-loaf hat. These curls come over the ears and peep out prettily from under the quaint but becoming little hat without a brim.

Morning blouses are particularly attractive if made of striped or dotted linen. The almost inevitable frills on these models are of plain-colored linen, and this addition brings the shirtwaist or blouse into a closer harmony with the colored skirt. It is almost trite to add that these models are collarless.

Large flat hats have appeared with flowers in wreaths encircling the low crowns. This style is becoming to nine out of ten women; for it is undeniable that the long, sweeping lines of hats will add to the charm of the face beneath and they are rarely trying to the wearer on account of stiff or straight effects.

The jumper waist of marquisette or voile is the "handiest thing ever" for the woman who has a good skirt of fine material and no waist to match. Make a jumper of the same shade. It is made with a round neck, half or long sleeves, and is worn over a white net waist. It does not have the appearance of a makeshift, and therein lies one of its chief attractions.

Another Slur on Women.

The Northwestern University professor who told a woman's club that women did not earn their living, and were unproductive and expensive to society, received a just rebuke from a member of the sex upon whom he cast his silly slur. The tenuous theories of some college professors are so far from fact as to cast doubt upon their fitness to teach young men and women the first principles of civilization, let alone inspire in them the rudiments of sound citizenship.

The woman who does not earn her way is the rare exception. The millions of devoted mothers who train up boys and girls into good Americans are the foundation of the nation. They earn their way in this world, and God bless them, in the world to come. There are far more useless, unproductive men than women. Hundreds of thousands of men fill our prisons and asylums. Other hundreds of thousands of men are engaged in enterprises injurious to their fellow-men and degrading to themselves. To class all women as burdens to man is

not only silly; the author of such a proposition stamps himself as crassly ignorant and illogical. Little student and less thinker.—Chicago Journal.

Would You Be Thin?

Oranges lend pleasant aid to those who wish to grow thinner. The juice of at least two should be taken at every meal, and these must not be sweet ones. Oil with salad should be given up and lemon juice substituted for vinegar. Cream or sugar in coffee, and the coffee itself save at breakfast, must give place to sugarless and milkless weak tea.

Grapes, peaches, melons, prunes and bananas are tabooed, as they are flesh-producers. No cereals, no hot bread save dry toast, no pork in any form, no veal and no water with meals.

Some physicians advocate copious draughts of skim milk for the safe reduction of flesh. They say that if it be taken scientifically at and between meals it will possibly cause a patient to lose. Baths must be taken in cold water and a hard flesh brush must be plied vigorously.

New Departure in Tunics.



There is no end to the making of tunics, and a considerable amount of ingenuity is being expended upon the invention of new ways to arrange these graceful overdresses. Scarfs that are wide and long, made from mousseline or other soft materials, are treated as shown in our illustration, and are, indeed, beautiful. They are almost bordered with satin bands and edged with silk fringe. The above model is ideal for a dinner gown.

Houseboys.

The increasing employment of men and boys for domestic work is pointed to by some people as a significant sign of the times. In London, the papers of that town state, ladies are being trained with conspicuous success to do daily work in houses, and both as cooks and "house-maids" they leave the weaker sex far behind. Such, at least, is the testimony of the grateful housekeepers who employ them.

Greasy Sink.

When the sink becomes greasy put a little paraffin oil on a piece of flannel and rub the sink with it. It will easily remove all the grease. The smell of paraffin can be removed by washing with hot water and soap and then flushing with cold water. At the same time this will also clean the pipes.

Seasoning Food.

In the way of seasonings, Worcester-shire, garlic, summer savory and cayenne pepper may flourish up a dish that would be otherwise tasteless. Hungarian paprika, which is very sweet, and mild red pepper give a delicious fillip to omelettes and tomato dishes, and Italian oil is far more delicate than the French article.

WHEN WOMAN HAS NEW BOOTS.

Her Examination is a Little Bit Different from That of a Man.

"When a woman has a pair of new shoes sent home," said the cynical salesman, according to the Washington Post, "she goes to work at 'em very unlike a man under similar circumstances."

"She never shoves her toes into them and yanks at 'em till she's red in the face, nor after getting them on at last does she go stamping around, telling those shoes with great frankness what her opinion is of 'em and of herself for ever countenancing 'em. No."

"She pulls 'em carefully part way on; twitches 'em off again to take another look at 'em to see whether she has got the right one on the left foot and the left one on the right; pulls 'em all the way on; looks at 'em dreamily; says they seem to fit so well that she's afraid they'll get too big by and by; takes another look at 'em; twists 'em around to take a side view of 'em; gives a little scream and exclaims:

"Oh, my, there's a wrinkle already! Mercy, how loose they are!"

"Then she looks at 'em again; square in front; works the feet around to find if she can't induce the shoes not to hurt quite so much; takes the shoes off, looks at the heels, the toes, the soles and the interior; put 'em on again, walks up and down the room once or twice and declares positively to her husband, sitting by: "They're horrid! I won't have them at any price!"

"Then she tilts down the looking glass on the dresser so she can see how they appear viewed from all the positions the mirror will reflect 'em to her, backs off, takes a farewell glance at 'em, moves away, takes another farewell glance at 'em from all positions, sits down and says:

"They make my feet look too horrid for anything, and as if I were wearing at least three and a half! They never will do in the world!"

"Then she takes 'em off, turns 'em over, inspects the heel, toe, sole and inside all over again, smooths out a wrinkle, pulls at the buttons and says:

"Every button on them will drop off the first time I go out in them, I know. And those heels! They look almost ridiculously low enough to be common-sense shoes. The idea!"

"Then she draws 'em on again, takes 'em off, puts 'em on, looks 'em over again in the mirror this, that and the other way; takes 'em off, and says to her husband:

"John, dear, won't you give me your idea about these shoes? You have such excellent taste and judgment in such things."

"Then if John is wise he will look 'em over and say that they look to him absurdly high as to heel, thin as to sole and certainly too tight around the instep.

"Oh, do you dear?" she will say, and thank him sweetly.

"Then she will try 'em on again, show them off before the mirror, sit down, run her hand over 'em gently, ring for the maid, and say to her:

"You may tell the messenger, Jane, that I will keep the shoes."

"And everybody is satisfied. So much better than a man's is the way of a woman with a pair of new shoes."

Nothing Was Lost.

A distinguished officer of the United States navy once told this story on himself:

At the time of his marriage he had been through the Civil War and had had many harrowing experiences aboard ship, through all of which he kept courage and remained as calm as a brave man should. As the time for the ceremony came on, however, his calmness gradually gave way. At the altar, amid the blaze of brass buttons and gold lace marking the full naval wedding, the officer was all but stampeded, and what went on there seemed very much mixed to him. Fearing the excitement of the moment would temporarily take him off his feet, the officer had learned the marriage ceremony letter perfect, as he thought, and he remembered repeating the words after the minister in a mechanical sort of way.

After the ceremony was over and all was serene again, including the officer's state of mind, the kindly clergyman came up to him and touched him on the shoulder.

"Look here, old man," he said; "you didn't endow your wife with any worldly goods."

"What's that?" asked the bridegroom with something of astonishment in his voice.

"Why, I repeated the sentence 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow' several times, and despite my efforts you would not say it after me."

The bridegroom seemed perturbed for a moment, and then a beaming light came into his face.

"Never mind, sir," he said. "She didn't lose a blessed thing by my failure."

Damascus of Marvelous View.

The view of Damascus from the mountain where Mohammed made his great renunciation is one of the marvelous views of the world. Again and again I deserted the mosques, the bazaars, the marble baths, the courts of the fountains, the shadowy khans and the gardens by the streams for that bare height on which Abraham is said to have had the unity of God revealed to him.—Robert Hichens in Century.

An Improvement.

The boneless codfish is O. K. And boneless ham's not bad; But what we'd like to see to-day Would be a boneless shad. —Chicago News

Young Folks

The Kite.

The kite flies on high,
And, looking down
From his place in the sky,
He sees the town
That he left long ago.
An hour or more,
Lying far, far below,
The swallows soar
Between it and him.
He thinks he sees
The world's wide, round rim
Beyond the trees.
He thinks he can swing
Free as a star,
But a tight-stretched string
Pulls from afar.
His soaring is past.
He fights in vain,
But flutters at last
To earth again.
—Chicago News.

Hazel's Story.

When the bell rang Stanley was studying hard. He stopped to listen as mama opened the front door. It was one of the church ladies, who had come to plan with mama about a missionary box. So Stanley went right on with:

B-a-m, bam, b-o-o, bamboo; b-a-m, bam, b-o-o, boos, bamboos; e-ch, e-ch, o, echo; e-ch, ech, o-es, oes, shoes."

He shut his book. He was sure of every word now, and mama had said that he might go out to play ball as soon as his lesson was learned. He ran upstairs to get his ball.

As he passed mama's room, he saw his little sister Hazel had waked from her nap.

"Tanney! Tanney! Tum back!" she cried.

"Oh dear!" Stanley said to himself. "Whatever made her wake up just now! I'll keep still, and perhaps she'll go to sleep again."

"Tanney! Tum back!" The little voice was very pleading; but Stanley did want to go and play ball. He had earned his play hour, and he did not like to give it up.

VISITING DAY.



MRS. JONES CALLS ON MRS. SMITH.

"Please, Tanney, tum back!" This was too much for the little brother's loving heart to withstand, and in a moment he was lifting Hazel from her crib.

"Tell 'tory!" baby demanded. "Tell 'tory!" persisted the little one.

"Well," said Stanley, "what shall I tell you a story about?"

"Bout doggy."

"Well, once there was a doggy—"

"G'eat, big black doggy," put in Hazel.

"Yes, a great, big, black doggy," agreed Stanley, "and every morning he went—"

"An' dot 'e paper," interrupted Hazel.

"Yes, he got the paper at the corner store and brought it home to—"

"In he mouf!" cried Hazel.

Stanley laughed. "You tell me the story."

"No, tell 'tory!" pleaded the little one.

"Well, he brought the paper home in his mouth to his master—"

"An' he take 'e paper out he mouf, an' he pat doggy's head, an' he say, 'Dood doggy!' Nen doggy lie down on piazza, an' do s'leep, an'—at's all."

Stanley was not through laughing when mama came upstairs.

"Why, I supposed you were out playing, and that baby was asleep," mama said.

"No, no!" cried Hazel, decidedly.

"Tanney tell 'tory!"

"Now go to your ball game," mama said. "There's Herbert coming for you, and you may play till 6 o'clock."

—Youth's Companion.

When a King Travels.

When King Edward of England travels by train great care is taken that his journey shall be safe, as well as comfortable, especially at night. Then, the saloon and sleeping berths are lighted by electricity and the en-

gineer and guard are able to communicate with each other by a special cord, whilst each carriage is fitted with a cord to the guard's van.

In a carriage at the back of the train rides one of the chief officers of the company, with the carriage superintendent, and in their charge are a number of workmen, ready to meet any accident or breakdown that might happen, so if anything did chance to go wrong it could be put right quickly. In front of the train goes a pilot engine to see that the line is clear and safe.

Tom Tot.

Oh, little Tom Tot is a brave little man,
As people often remark;
But nobody knows why it is he dis-likes
To go to bed in the dark.

JOKE AS PERSIA SEES IT.

Quaint Stories from the East Both Interesting and Witty.

An exceedingly ugly man, says Jami, was once in the mosque, asking pardon of Allah for his sins, and praying to be delivered from the fires of hell. One who overheard his prayer said to him, writes Charles Johnston in Harper's Weekly, "Wherefore, O friend, wouldst thou cheat hell of such a countenance? Art thou reluctant to burn up a face like that?" Once again, the story writer tells us that a certain person with a hideous nose was once on a time wooing a woman. Describing himself to her, and trying to make an attractive picture, he said, "I am a man devoid of lightness and frivolity, and I am patient in bearing afflictions!" "Aye!" said the woman, "wert thou not patient in bearing of afflictions, thou hadst never endured thy nose these forty years!" All of which is more witty than kind. Hardly less sharp is this next

tale: Bahlul, we are told, once came into the presence of the famed Caliph of Bagdad, the good Haroun-al-Raschid. One of the viziers accosted him, saying, "Rejoice, O Bahlul, at these good things! The prince of the faithful has made thee ruler over apes and swine!"

"Take my orders, then," quickly retorted Bahlul, "for surely thou art of my subjects!"

Again there is a spice of national hatred in such a tale as this: A Turk, says Jami, being asked which he would prefer, plunder in this world, or paradise hereafter, made answer this: "Let me to-day engage in pillage and carry off all that I can find; to-morrow I shall be willing to enter hell fire with Pharaoh the persecutor!"

For some reason or other the Man of Jam seems to have a deep detestation of school teachers. If one may judge from the many sharp jests he directs against them. For example, this: A teacher, he says, whose son had fallen ill and was at the point of death, bade them send for the washer of corpses to wash his son. "But," they objected, "he is not dead yet!" "Never mind," said the teacher; "he will be dead by the time they have finished washing him!"

Again, they said to the son of another teacher. "What a pity thou art such a fool!" "Else were I no true son of my father!" he replied.

Determined to Die.

"What's this I hear about Casey?" asked McGinnis.

"He's been trying to asphyxiate himself," said O'Reilly.

"G'wan. What did he do?"

"He lit every gas jet in the house and sat down and waited."—Every-body's Magazine.

A good many people reach the hereafter via the automobile route.

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FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1910.

MARRIAGE AND MOTHERHOOD NORMAL STATUS OF WOMAN

Higher Education Does Not Prevent Her Entering Proper Sphere, Says Taft.

Philadelphia.—President Taft delivered the annual commencement day oration at Bryn Mawr College, where his daughter, Helen, is a student. Taking for his subject "Higher Education for Women," the President said that "college education certainly does not detract from the power of a woman to make a good companion or to train or teach children, while at the same time it makes her independent and if she never meets the man who can make her happy as a husband, she can become an independent and useful member of society."

"I am quite ready to concede that marriage and motherhood are a normal status for women, and, other things being equal, she is happier in that condition than in any other. But this is far from saying that a woman's life is a failure because she has not married."

"One of the great advantages of the higher education for women, in my judgment, is in the independence that it gives her in the choice of the kind of life which she is to lead."

"We cannot be blind to the general movement in favor of opening more and more occupations not dependent on physical strength to the female sex."

"The higher education of women should be sought wholly without regard to a professional or matrimonial future. The mental discipline that it affords; the mental pleasures that it makes possible; the enjoyment of reading and study that it invites, are enough in themselves to be compensation for the effort in securing it."

Death of "Forty-Niner."

Camp Dennison, Ohio.—One of the oldest men of this county and for the past 40 years the station agent at Camp Dennison for the Little Miami Railroad, William Henry Quell, aged 83, died at his home here a few days ago. Quell was one of the few original "forty-niners" living, he having gone to the Pacific Coast in that famous period by way of Cape Horn, having lived there for a year and then coming home.

Ancient Monastery Discovered.

Mexico City.—Walls of masonry ten feet in thickness and containing iron-grated windows, believed to have been at one time at least some feet above the surface, have been uncovered 15 feet below the street level by workmen excavating for the foundation of a new hotel in the business portion of this city. The walls are believed to be the remains of the ancient San Francisco monastery.

Australians to Visit California.

San Francisco.—Within a few weeks California is to be visited by a delegation from Australia, headed by Elwood Mead, a former Californian and formerly one of the heads of the irrigation work of the United States, to inspect the irrigation work in this part of the country. Mead is now Commissioner of State Rivers, Water Supply and Irrigation at Victoria, Australia.

Suicide of Pet Hog.

Whiteside, Mo.—After attacking Leslie Long, 10 years old, a boar belonging to the boy's father, a farmer, committed suicide by leaping into a pond. The hog had been named Theodore. His antecedents came from the razor-back belt of Arkansas. His "sons and daughters gathered around the pond as their papa committed the rash act, were visibly affected."

Wide Sweep of Earthquake.

Mexico City.—The recent seismic disturbance was the widest recorded in the republic for many months. The movement extended from the west coast through a strip 200 miles wide to the east coast, a distance of 550 miles. The damage, however, was not great.

PITHY RESUME OF EVENTS OF ENTIRE WORLD

Brief Paragraphs That Give Busy Readers Review of Week's Happenings.

Summary of News Gathered by Cor- respondents Located in Every Quarter of the Globe.

New York.—Stanley Ketchell the pugilist, narrowly escaped injury when his touring car caught fire and was destroyed on the road to his headquarters at Woodlawn. Ketchell said he paid \$8000 for it.

Kansas City.—Reuben S. Crohn, former Public Administrator, killed himself when confronted with exposure of his alleged thefts from the Adolph Huntmann estate, of which he was an administrator, and which are believed to amount to \$50,000.

Berlin.—Abraham Eirweiss caused a great sensation by throwing a missile at the Crown Prince while the latter was reviewing the German troops. The missile, that many thought was a deadly bomb, proved to be a can of beans. The Russian is insane.

New York.—In an opinion handed down by the Board of United States Appraisers, a protest of importers against the assessment of duty on cigars imported from the Philippine Islands by way of Hongkong has been sustained, and free entry has been ordered.

Washington.—Charles D. Norton of Chicago, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has been appointed secretary to the President. Norton is to be a sort of assistant President, and will perhaps be given a wider latitude than any other man who has held the office in recent years.

London.—The British Antarctic expedition sailed last week. Captain Scott has announced December, 1911, as the date for his arrival at the South Pole. Captain Scott and Lieutenant E. R. Evans, second in command, claim that they have the best equipped expedition that has ever started on a Polar search.

New York.—Representatives of the Federation of Jewish Organizations here have laid plans for a nation-wide boycott on all Russian goods because of action by the Russian authorities at Kiev in banishing the Jews. The federation also has before it a proposition to bring to America all the Jewish orphans from the vicinity of Kiev.

Topeka, Kas.—Verne Casebier, a freshman at Washburn College, while on her way to a reception at Bethany College, snatched a baby boy from in front of a speeding motor car at Tenth and Polk streets, tossed him to one side out of danger, and was herself struck by the machine, thrown to the pavement and her right arm was broken.

Milwaukee.—After serving two years in State's prison, John Tarasinski, sentenced to 25 years in the penitentiary for being implicated in the robbery of the Skarb-Sobieski Loan and Building Association and the murder of Dominic Capuniski, one of its directors, has been declared innocent by three men whose confessions two years ago sent all four to prison.

Ramah, Col.—After his wife had battled in the middle of a swift running stream and succeeded in dragging him on to an overturned boat, William Lit-trap, aged 33, a wealthy rancher, expired in her arms from exhaustion. While the two were struggling in mid-stream, their baby sat on the bank cooing and clapping its hands, believing the action of its parents were for its entertainment.

New York.—Alice, the biggest elephant of the zoo, stole a diamond ring from Miss Elizabeth Morrell of Chappaqua, N. Y., who was feeding crackers to her. The ring, which was on Miss Morrell's finger, was loose, and Alice apparently snatched it under the impression that it was good to eat. Alice is esteemed to be worth more than the ring, and so there will be no interesting surgical operation.

Pretoria, Union of South Africa.—The Union of South Africa was born last week. The royal proclamation of the single dominion constituted by the legislative union of the British colonies of Cape Colony, Orange River Colony, Natal and the Transvaal was read at the Assembly House here, where eight years ago the leaders of the Boers signed the British terms of peace which brought to an end the war in South Africa. Following the reading of the proclamation, Viscount Gladstone was sworn in as Governor-General of the Union, and General Louis Botha as Premier, and the other members of the new ministry took the oath of office.

COAST EVENTS OF PAST WEEK TERSELY TOLD

Interesting News Items From States Bordering On the Broad Pacific.

Assemblage of Paragraphs That Pre- sent Important Occurrences in Condensed Form.

Centerville.—A movemnet is under way to give a course of practical agriculture in the High School here.

Oakland.—Extensive preparations are being made by the Board of Supervisors for the care of public roads during the coming summer.

San Francisco.—The population and traffic of this city has so increased that the United Railroads has been compelled to order the building of 100 new street cars.

Carson, Nev.—Mrs. M. C. Gardner, one of the oldest residents of this city, was thrown from a swiftly moving automobile when it struck a rut and received fatal injuries.

Fresno.—The Rico Oil Company in the Midaw field, owning 60 acres and four producing wells, has been sold to an English syndicate for \$300,000. The property was owned by Fresno and San Francisco capitalists.

Petaluma.—Great preparations are being made for the big celebration which is to be held here July 2, 3, and 4. All the cities in Sonoma county have been invited and many have accepted the invitations.

Oakland.—Fear that Halley's comet would destroy the world has wrecked the mind of Virginia Huerta, a servant in the household of Vice-President Ramon Corral of Mexico. She has been committed to the insane asylum at Stockton.

Santa Rosa.—A \$200,000 fire destroyed the tannery of the Levin Tanning Company and the factory of the Santa Rosa Shoe Manufacturing Company, which are run in connection and which had been two of Santa Rosa's principal industries. More than 75 men are thrown out of work by the destruction of the works.

Santa Rosa.—The indictment against former Supervisor Isaac J. Button, charging him with presenting a fictitious bill against the county in connection with road work while he was a supervisor, was dismissed in the Superior Court here. He was at once re-arrested on a warrant charging him with obtaining \$90 from the county by false pretenses.

El Centro.—The hot weather record for the season in the Imperial valley was broken last week when the thermometer at the local weather bureau registered 120½ degrees, with 32 degrees of humidity. Less than one-tenth of an inch of rain has fallen in the valley since January 1. The hot wave is welcome, as it is hastening the ripening of canteloupes.

San Francisco.—Paul Burns, a chauffeur in the employ of a taxicab company, made a record as a collector of fares. He fought with one of his passengers, who is accused of attempting to avoid payment, until a low shoe of the passenger was pulled off. Burns held it until the passenger sent to the Palace hotel and secured \$10, the balance of the bill claimed by the chauffeur.

Los Gatos.—The ordinance making the sale, purchase, giving away or loaning of liquor, the manufacturing, shipment into or out of or the storage in town of any liquor unlawful, may be amended by the new Board of Trustees to allow liquor to be shipped to private parties for their own consumption, allow liquor sold with bona fide meals at hotels and restaurants and to license wholesalers.

Stanford University.—The recent action of the Board of Trustees of Stanford University in fixing an application or incidental fee of \$15 per semester, \$30 per year, beginning with the academic year of 1910, for all students not enrolled in the medical or law courses, has resulted in much adverse comment, and it has been predicted that many students will be forced to give up their scholarships because of this additional cost.

Auburn.—Michael Delaney, who was arrested by Sheriff McAuley of this county in Yuba county recently would probably be rated as a model citizen if he were not a burglar. He is past 70 years old and has never used liquor, tobacco or profane language. He has spent 41 years in San Quentin penitentiary, having been sent there five different times. Each sentence was for burglary, and he frankly states that burglary has been his only occupation in life.

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A SOCIAL EVENT.

—Minneapolis Journal.

OPEN THY DOOR.

Open thy doors, O my soul,
To ocean and sky and plain.
To shelving shore and breakers' roar,
And the mountains that shout again.

Open thy doors, O my soul,
To the scent of the climbing rose,
To the meadow's sweep, and the drowsy sheep,
And the woodland's deep repose.

Wider, wider, my soul,
The winds through the pine tree blow;
'Tis the Word of God that moveth abroad,
And deep to deep will go.

Open thy doors, O my soul,
And the fret and pain of care,
And the futile stress and the pettiness,
Will vanish into air.
—Sunset Magazine.

A BIG BILL

I was just finishing breakfast when the misunderstanding began.
"The fact is, my dear," I said, "I've a long bill to meet."
"I shall never see another like it," she said, mournfully. "It's only two guineas."

I groaned.
"Two guineas! For a hat?"
"Yes, it isn't dear, really, Fred; not for what it is."
"I really can't imagine. I don't want to grumble, Kit, but you've had £3 over your dress allowance already."
"You need not throw it in my face, if you have. Uncle John never did."

Uncle John is a crusty old bachelor. He brought Kitty up.
"Uncle John is rich. I am not." She turned her back on me and shrugged her shoulders. When I had finished my boots I took hold of her shoulders and turned her around. "You shouldn't have been so silly as to marry a poor man." She held me by the lapels of my coat and smiled. "Perhaps I like you as well as hats," she said. "I'm dreadfully extravagant!" She sighed. "It is such a love!"

"Perhaps next month—?" She shook her head.
"It will be gone then."
There are as good hats in the shops as ever came out of them.
"No doubt it is a joke to you. You would not care if I wore a last year's hat to Paddington to meet Bill to-morrow."

Bill was her brother.
"If it weren't for that bill," I said doubtfully. "I don't know that they'd press me. Perhaps I might—"
"No, no! I won't. You'll lose your train, Fred."
"I'd like you to have it, of course," I told her. She looked at me with her head on one side and a finger on her lip.

I could see that she was thinking of fresh arguments. So I kissed her quickly and fled.
When I arrived at the office I found a telegram saying that her brother William's ship had reached Plymouth a day before time, and that he would get to Paddington about 1:50 p. m. Also, I found a request from one of our best customers that I would call on him at 1:45 o'clock. So I sent a wire to Kitty: "Cannot meet Bill. Due to-day 1:50. Ask Uncle John—Fred."

When I had finished my urgent business I rushed off home. Kitty met me at the door. She was naturally excited.
"Has he come?" I inquired.
"Yes. He's in the drawing room."

I entered hastily, but her brother was not there. Her uncle was. He stood upon the hearth with his back to the fire and his arms under his coat-tails.
"Pleased to see you," he remarked, and frowned at me over his spectacles.
"Well," I said, with some annoyance. "I don't quite—er—"
"A pretty mess you've made of things!"
"I don't know what right—" I began; but Kitty pressed my arm sud-

denly. I noticed that she had been crying.
"However," he continued, "I expected something of the sort sooner or later."

"I'm sure it's not Fred's fault," Kitty protested. I was too bewildered for speech.

"A man," said he, "has no business to marry unless he can keep his wife properly."

"Kitty has told you!"

"What else did you expect?" I shook my arm free from her and paced the room savagely.

"I never thought you'd round on me, Kit," I remonstrated, a trifle unsteadily.

"Who said she was?" snapped her uncle.

"She had no business to speak to you about it."

"You told me to!" she cried.

I raised my eyebrows.

"Nothing was further from my thoughts."

"But—" she began. Uncle John stopped her with a wave of his hand.

"Anyhow, Kitty has told me. Of course, I cannot let her want. I have written a cheque for the amount, but—"

"She shall not touch it!" I vowed ferociously.

"You are an insolent idiot!" roared her uncle.

"Idiot or not," I thundered, "I will stand no interference between my wife and me. If Kitty is not satisfied with what I can do for her, she can—"

Kitty gave such a violent sob that I had to put my arm around her.

"As for the hat," I told her huskily, "I made up my mind this morning that you should have it."

"Oh!" she wailed. "As if that mattered!"

"If it doesn't matter, why did you speak about it to your uncle?"

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"Idiot or not," I thundered, "I will stand no interference between my wife and me. If Kitty is not satisfied with what I can do for her, she can—"

Kitty gave such a violent sob that I had to put my arm around her.

"As for the hat," I told her huskily, "I made up my mind this morning that you should have it."

"Oh!" she wailed. "As if that mattered!"

"If it doesn't matter, why did you speak about it to your uncle?"

"She shall not touch it!" I vowed ferociously.

"You are an insolent idiot!" roared her uncle.

"Idiot or not," I thundered, "I will stand no interference between my wife and me. If Kitty is not satisfied with what I can do for her, she can—"

Kitty gave such a violent sob that I had to put my arm around her.

"As for the hat," I told her husk

THE THINGS WE MEANT TO DO.

When at some mystical behest
Life greets us with its first embrace,
And with a blind but growing zest
We learn the strange earth face to
face;
Through orient clouds we love to
trace
A shining pathway in the blue,
Where gods inspire our eager chase
To do the things we meant to do.

At noontide on the sunlit crest
The zenith glow subdues our pace,
But still that vision of the best
Blots out the petty things and
base;
The hurrying byways interlace,
Pale, broken dreams the wayside
strew;
Too swift the hours, too strait our
case,
To do the things we meant to do.

The shadowy islands of the west
Grow rich with day's declining grace,
They proffer us the cup of rest—
The guerdon of a hard won race.
And yet our restless souls would sue;
Grant us, oh, gods, a little space
To do the things we meant to do.
—New York Sun.



Lean, brown Johnny Graydon, soldier of fortune and general world knock-around, stood near the door of what purported to be his tent, and eyed the scene in front of him in open disgust. Scattered in groups around smoldering fires were about a hundred men, ragged, brown, dirty. With these men Gabbio was attempting to relieve his rival, Cazino, from the burdens of office in the little South American republic; and because of his friendship for Gabbio, because, too, of the love of strife born in his blood, he was there as their commander under Gabbio.

Suddenly his attention was caught by seeing a group of men hurrying the bloody figure of a man toward a big fire in the center of the camp. The others hurried toward them, and he caught the word for "spy," repeated again and again, savagely and angrily. The noise of the confusion rose high and sharp, in spite of the fact that he had warned them to keep silent lest Cazino's men might appear on the scene and silence them forever beside their smoking camp-fires. But here another factor that meant trouble had unexpectedly turned up.

He strolled down toward them. What influence he had over them was very little; only so far as their fear of him, black Gabbio, his friend, went did they obey or fear him. As he drew near he saw what was up. Somewhere up the valley they had caught one of the outposts of Cazino's army; and they proposed to have some of their devilish fun with him. Cruel and vindictive by nature as he knew them to be, and fired by the heat of hot factional strife, he realized that their fun with the battered figure in their midst would be far from human. Wiser men would have advised leaving the treacherous, undisciplined soldiers alone; but wisdom and fear were not in Graydon's make-up; death had tagged him too closely in his wandering through the southern countries, and life had become a game where the best man wins if luck is with him.

He saw in a moment what they intended to do—throw the prisoner bound and helpless into the big fire in the center of the camp. Quietly and swiftly Graydon stole down, his revolver swinging easily in his big brown hand. Just as they had gripped the gasping figure for the throw Johnny struck them; with one hand he tumbled the men holding the prisoner backward; with his revolver poised and steady he held the others in their tracks. Cries of rage and anger hissed from their dark, distorted lips, quivering with the lust for blood, but Johnny's cool, gray eyes gripped them in the potent spell of dauntless will. The bruised, bloody face of the prisoner looked up into Graydon's face with such a look of gratitude as only a man can give who escapes a horrible death at the last moment.

But it was not all over; the heat and brute in their blood was nerving them to action and quick revenge, and that meant—kill. Johnny saw one of them sneak around; swiftly as he whirled he felt the soft swish of a rifle butt falling. But the blow did not fall, for sharply ringing with snap of fire and wrath came the crash of rifles; tattered forms spun and piled around him in screaming heaps—Cazino's men had come.

Up from among the shrubbery their white forms fluttered, dark-faced with rifles flashing. With his revolver he cut a swath through the crowding forms, but too late. There was a wild medley of dancing faces, flashing rings of fire, cries of agony, and shouts of triumph, a far-away cheer like the sound of distant music; and to Graydon things grew still and peaceful as on a summer eve.

He opened his eyes, conscious of a heavy pain in his side; slowly consciousness came, and the fog cleared from his brain. He saw that he was in a small hut, outside of which stood an armed sentry; and it was all very plain to him—captured and tied like an ox—ready for slaughter. A groan

sounded near him; looking across he saw another of his men, then others, sitting and standing in dejected heaps. The sentry turned as he heard him stir. "Ha, senior," he said, mockingly; "a good rest, eh? A better one, longer, coming."

Graydon drew himself into a sitting posture, and the two looked at each other.

"The general told me to tell you he would be glad to meet you when you awoke," the sentry went on, smiling; his dark face twisted into delightful wrinkles.

Johnny smiled grimly. "Tell your general I am glad to make his acquaintance," he answered gravely; but under his breath he cursed him; too well he knew what lay beneath the sentry's mocking—a quiet little corner, a few shots, and a badly dug grave.

"A beastly way to die," he muttered in his own tongue; but the old restlessness, dauntless courage that had sent him through danger and ill in days gone by rallied to his support.

"Come," the sentry looked in; "the general is ready to receive you."

They led him to a little thatched shanty standing near the road, and the sentry showed him in. Seated on a pile of camping truck was Cazino; his small evil face brightened as he saw Graydon.

"So! you're that white dog, that friend of Gabbio, eh? Well, what do you think?" he greeted between his few, dirty teeth.

"Fine weather out, General," Graydon replied.

The fire bit through the small eyes; in silence they eyed each other. Then the fire sank; and a snaky smoothness glided into Cazino's face.

"Sit down, senior; I want to talk a little with you. I can kill you where you are; but I'm not going to—not yet. You are a good fighter, you have fought well with Gabbio. Now, senior, if you help me I'll set you free; if you don't, you die. Which?—you can choose."

Graydon smiled his slow Yankee smile. "Gabbio is a friend of mine," he said simply.

Cazino looked at him and cursed him in his soft, sibilant language. "Then die you will with Gabbio's other—friends in an hour."

Johnny was led out and back to the hut. The others sat in the stupid silence of brutes, all hope and life gone, for they knew that death was near, the strange mystery whose coming, blots out something in men and leaves them mere heaps of dirt.

Swiftly the brain that had never failed him was plotting a way to freedom. But it was all hopeless; the walls were strong; at the door was silently standing, keen-eyed and ready, a sentry with rifle poised for a moment's aim. It was simply a case of die. It comes to each man somewhere, some time. It had come to him.

He sat down and folded his hands. To die—rather a queer thing, he thought to himself; he had seen a good many men die; and it had always seemed queer to him. The sunlight, the air, the trees, the music—then darkness—then—He jumped up and walked to the door.

Men were passing and repassing, getting the camp stuff ready for removal; some of it was blood-stained—why, he knew, too. Strangely to his ears came the many sounds of the life outside; somewhere a light-hearted soldier was singing a love ballad; and the laughter of a few men playing a practical joke on another stung through into his consciousness with bitter reiteration. Outside was life and sunshine, inside was death and gloom. He wondered how many men had looked out and felt as he felt in the long years since man had fought, with man.

Swiftly like a faded panorama sped before him visions of his early life—boyhood, the younger manhood, the wild tossing years that had followed, the following of many roads that ended—here. With the recollection came a flood of memories a man tries to forget and never can. He turned away. "Bah!" he muttered. "I'll die like a woman if I keep this up."

As he seated himself he heard a man speak at the door. They had come, four of them—the death squad. Easily as one would go to kill pigs they came in, kicked the stupefied men into life, snaked them out by the collar, and jerked them, pleading and praying, to their feet.

Graydon, with hands bound, walking beside the first soldier, asked him for a cigarette. The man stared at him a moment, and handed him his lighted one. Down by the river, where the shadows are long and thick, they lined them up side by side. Graydon watched them as they lined up before them and coolly and unconcernedly loaded their rifles; one was telling another of a sweetheart he had left in a village behind.

He wondered if they were going to bandage their eyes—the shade was dark and heavy enough to render this unnecessary, but they did. The chap in command came up. Graydon took one long look at the world he was to leave so soon. He leaned a little forward so that he could fall on his face—the flies get at a man's face if he lies on his back. He hoped they would make it sure; he wondered what the shock would be when the bullet struck—a great blow and then—

He heard the rattle of equipment as they came to attention—so near that there could be no missing.

"Tention!"

"Ah!"

"Ah! now!"

"Fire!"

Something struck him in the chest with the concussion of the rifles, the darkness reeled; he felt himself fall across soft forms, something moist and wet spread over his face—yet—he was

—alive! With quick instinctive action he kicked feebly and lay still.

Some one prodded him with a foot. "They're done for," the commander remarked; and the sound of footsteps passed away.

The figure beneath him stirred convulsively; but he lay silent. Still and unmoving he lay, knowing that through some strange miracle he was alive. In a little while the figures stopped their convulsive movements and lay quiet. Fearful lest some one should come, he lay like one of the shadows that grew deeper and darker till evening had come, and all around him he could see only indistinct masses of gloom.

He lifted his head—silence was everywhere save for the noise of the myriads of night insects; he got up slowly, then waded into an unmoving mass, one with the darkness; a light burned and flared into his face. He saw a gleaming rifle barrel; behind it a dark, distorted face. He drew his muscles beneath him for a spring—life had come too wonderfully to lose it now; but a voice spoke, a voice he did not recognize, but in it was a note that all men can understand—the note of kindness.

"SI, senior, be not afraid; it is I."

Under the dull torchlight he recognized the face of the man.

"Come quickly this way," the voice said.

The man led him into the heavy brush, stuck the torch into a crotch, and swiftly and tenderly he bound up Graydon's wounds; then taking him to the edge of the brush he pointed across the night draped valley where the lights of Gabbio's campfires were softly shining.

"There you will be safe, and here is the way. You gave me life by saving me from your men; I return the gift. My friend who was to shoot you used a blank cartridge. Bueno, senior."

Graydon held out his hand in silence, the brown hand and the white clasped in a close warm grip, and Graydon slipped away into the night.—San Francisco Argonaut.

TRICK OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

Latest Device Is Exposed by Woman Who Posed for the Picture.

"You must not imagine," said the woman of the world, according to the New York Tribune, "that just because the camera is of necessity truthful one can depend upon the veracity of a photograph. One can't. The very latest conceit—I may say, deceit—of the fashionable photographer seems to me worth telling about."

"Now, just about once in her life a woman gets a picture that satisfies her, and I don't mind confessing that when it is my picture I want it to be a fulsome flatterer. I know one woman who has her one faultless picture taken ten years ago. She has now reached that painful period when birthdays are no longer hilarious occasions, and the picture is out of date in the matter of sleeves and hair. So when she felt recently that it was time to pay another visit to the photographer she sought out the one who had treated her so well a decade ago. She took with her a print of the old negative and she had herself posed in precisely the same attitude. This was for the hair and dress of the new picture. As to the face, I don't know by what mysterious means the photographer accomplished it, but the face was lifted from the old picture and put into the new one—a picture that is entirely satisfactory. The hair and sleeves of the new picture are of 1910 model and the face doesn't look a bit younger than when the subject is in her own room with side lights and rose-colored shades. Furthermore, the woman is so proud of it that she makes no bones of telling how the thing was done. She says it's every woman's privilege to be the age she chose for insert in her marriage license and for her best photograph, even if she can't blot out the record in the family Bible."

Surely Is King of Letters.

What letter of the alphabet outshines all the rest, and reigns king over all the others? It came first with God, and it will end in all things. It is in what is most valuable to men—gold and gems that glitter—and you will find it even in the middle of a fight and in the gambler's den.

And it even stoops to conquer in the most inferior objects, in the goat, while he kicks up his heels and horns, and in the hog—in fact, in all pigs it is in our faithful friend, the dog, while at our feet we find it in the green grass; and how could we build a house except for the ground where it begins? Just see how it sticks to us in gum like glue, and in the middle of the night, be it never so dark, it can be made to shine.

While it commences in the most great, grand and glorious things of earth, it ends in the most gruesome of all, the grave. You will find it in the best and in the worst, even in garbage. In what is it more glorious than in our flag that waves, then droops over the grave of the soldier? And then this wonderful letter immediately arises and perches itself right in the center of our great and glorious American eagle.

Who can dispute that the letter "G" is the king of letters?

Imitation.

"Why, Gladys, you are spoiling your dolly."

"No, mamma; I am painting its cheeks with the same color that you use."—Judge.

About all some men here on earth seem to be good for is to keep pushing a cloud of cheap tobacco smoke up into the air.

LONG TRAVEL FOR MAIL.

Where Letters Are Carried 290 Miles in Order to Get Across a 10-Foot Hall.

POSTOFFICE ON THE BORDER.

Beebe Plain, Vt., and Beebe Plain, Que., Joint Owners of a Peculiar Institution.

The queerest postoffice in North America is probably located here, where a simple wooden building shelters the offices of two countries, a Beebe Plain (Vt.) correspondent says. The structure is cut diagonally by the Canada line, being almost equally divided by the imaginary boundary. The northern half contains the postoffice of Beebe Plain, Que., and the southern half the office of Beebe Plain, Vt. They are separated only by a ten-foot corridor, using this passageway and the same door in common. George H. House, postmaster, looks after the mail of the two offices. As a result of red tape in the postal regulations regarding the transfer of mails, a letter mailed at the Vermont office for the Canadian office across the hall travels 290 miles before delivery.

Previous to 1899 the United States postoffice was located in a dwelling house and the Canadian office in a store. In neither case was the service wholly satisfactory, but it seemed to be the best arrangement that could be made. However, in 1899 the idea was conceived of utilizing the old stone store, located right on the line, for both offices, and finally the present arrangement was perfected so that a most satisfactory service has been provided.

Patrons of the double postoffice can do their postoffice business by making one call. Two doors, one on each side of the line, open into the lobby. The distance between the postoffice boxes of the two countries is ten feet, the international boundary line running through the space between the two sets of boxes. If a letter is by mistake dropped into the wrong letter box, it is passed to the right office and sent on its way.

A letter posted at Beebe Plain, Vt., for Beebe Plain, Canada, will go south on the Boston & Maine railroad from Beebe Junction, Vt., to White River junction, 111 miles on the same route, and then continues on its way to Sherbrooke, P. Q., 34 miles farther. There it is again transferred and returns to Beebe Plain, P. Q.

That is, after having a ride of 24 hours and going 290 miles, it arrives at its destination, ten feet from where it started.

Or, perhaps, it goes on another train south on the Boston & Maine to Wells River, Vt., 80 miles. There it is transferred and goes back via Beebe Junction to Sherbrooke, P. Q., 114 miles, to be transferred again and returns to the building it started from 32 hours before. It has traveled 228 miles.

The village has a population of about 100 on the Vermont side and about 600 on the Canadian side. All of the places of business are on the Canada side, so most of the patrons of the office are Canadians, but they are very willing to avail themselves of the unique arrangement and use either office that will give the best results.

The "line" itself is quite narrow here—in fact, it is so narrow that it cannot be seen except where the iron posts appear. Some persons have stood in one country and written their postcards or letters in the other.

WEAVERS OF NEW YORK.

Ancient Aubusson Looms Making Tapestry in Manhattan Island.

The looms we visited are new in the city of Gotham. They are tapestry looms of a pattern unchanged after centuries of use. And the art of the weaver of these fabrics, we are told, is far too ancient for record.

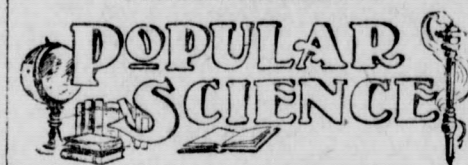
The art we beheld is almost absolutely unaltered. The looms are installed in a studio place that was once a palatial stable, says Philip Verrill Nichols in Harper's. They are copies of what are known to the craft as the Aubusson looms of France. The men engaged in making tapestries upon this old device are foreign craftsmen, trained to their guild and wondrously skilled in the art.

It provided a singular sensation to leave the busy, noisy thoroughfare of modernity and ascend to that clasp of looms so allied to the past. There were two great apartments devoted to this engineering of beauty. Enginery seems the only adequate word. The looms we saw are combinations of huge wooden frameworks, beam-like levers, twining ropes and tightening devices, the whole resembling those monstrous stone-heaving catapults inseparable from ancient war.

Unlike the tapestry looms at the Gobelins workshops in Paris, these are made to stretch the warp horizontally, about waist high to a man. At the rear of each loom, on a slanted bench, sit the weavers who work the design. Beneath the warp, and readily visible through its many tight-stretched strands, the pattern lies close under hand. It is drawn on a monster sheet of paper and colored with painstaking skill. Above it bend the weavers of the cloth, each softly supported with pillows. One pillow to sit on and one on which to lean, each workman adjusts to his needs. His colors (the woofs) are wound on spools, and re-

semble a heap of large-sized, brightly colored and differently hued caterpillars, ready to spin out their substance. There are frequently as many as twenty or thirty of these shuttles beneath one workman's hands.

It is wonderful and utterly bewildering to see these craftsmen weave. Their hands out-machine a machine as they grasp at the warp, to lift two, four, five or any number of strands, shoot a bobbin in and out, and make a singular tie, to drop that particular caterpillar, clutch up another, tie in its thread, and pounce upon a third or fourth, and return, perhaps, to number one. They keep those red, green, gold and purple caterpillars in a constant state of agitation. They grasp at the warp and play in a strand and finger new strings, as if the cords were the wires of some silent harp on which they play a ceaseless composition that expresses itself in color. Yet fast as their fingers seem to play upon this soundless instrument, it is slow, hard toil with eyes and hands to stitch in those units of the scheme.



An electric elevator has been installed in the stairway which leads to the cupola of St. Peter's cathedral in Rome. The elevator has a capacity for carrying ten persons. It bears an appropriate Latin inscription.

Peter the Great, Russia's famous czar, when he was staying in England, had a particular liking for the companionship of Halley, after whom the comet is named. After carousing with him at Deptford one evening Peter wheeled the astronomer in a barrow through a yew hedge and did such damage that he had to pay handsome compensation to John Evelyn, the owner.

Ingenuous Germans have experimented successfully with the fiber of the kapok or "silk cotton" tree of tropical Africa and Asia, and believe they have a useful substitute for cotton. If that is the case, they will have furnished additional proof that no substance, however valuable, is absolutely indispensable to man. Cotton long seemed to be almost so, and there are few things without which we should get on so badly, if there were nothing else to which to turn.

It is proposed to establish a wireless telegraph station at the meteorological observatory on Mount Mirador in the Philippines, to give warning of typhoons to vessels in the China sea, and points along the China coast. A similar station will probably be established later at Santo Domingo de Basco on the island of Batan, for communicating information of the presence of typhoons in that vicinity to the headquarters of the Philippine weather bureau at Manila.

Dr. G. F. Becker, discussing the possibility that petroleum may be derived from carbids of iron or other metals, points out that Bauer's map of magnetic declination in the United States "proves that petroleum is intimately associated with magnetic disturbances similar to those arising from the neighborhood of minerals possessing sensible magnetic attraction," and he adds that henceforth no geological theory of petroleum will be acceptable which does not explain this association. A writer in Nature remarks that if these conclusions are confirmed, a new and important sphere of usefulness for magnetic surveys will be opened.

Modern chemistry enables man to make over some of the most useful metals very much at his will, and greatly to his profit. Dr. W. Rosenhain, in England, recently made a report on the properties of new alloys of copper, aluminum and manganese, which show remarkable peculiarities.

An alloy of 88 per cent copper, 9.99 per cent aluminum and 2.01 per cent manganese showed enormous tensile strength, a cold-drawn bar having a yield of 40.88 tons per square inch, and an ultimate stress of 52.08 tons per square inch. Another alloy is so hard that it can take a cutting edge sharp enough to sharpen a leadpencil. The British Admiralty is experimenting with these alloys to determine their resistance to corrosion in seawater.

Herbert Spencer and Billiards.

Herbert Spencer was an enthusiastic billiard player. He says that he found it "a very desirable way of passing the time," because it prevented thinking and excluded the temptation to read. "It suffices for me," he frankly adds, "that I like billiards, and the attainment of the pleasure given I regard as a sufficient motive. I have for a long time deliberately set my face against that asceticism which makes it an offense to do a thing for the pleasure of doing it. The opposite view is nothing else than a remote sequence of the old devil worship of the barbarian, who sought to please his god by inflicting pains on himself, and believed his god would be angry if he made himself happy."

Her Fate.

Mrs. de Work—I have trained my eldest daughter into a thorough housekeeper. There is nothing she does not know.

Miss de Flight—What a nice, handy maiden aunt she will make for your other daughters' children.—New York Weekly.

If you can fool half the people half the time that's enough. Don't be a hog, even if pork is high.

Even a truthful man is occasionally guilty of exaggeration.

TRIALS of the NEEDLEMS.

WANT TO GIVE THEM TO A BEGGAR, HUH? DO YOU WANT TO MAKE A BEGGAR OF ME BY GIVING EVERYTHING AWAY?



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As a Base.

"Professor, is there any foundation for the belief that every particle of matter is a universe in itself?" "My dear sir, you can find any belief on human credulity."—Chicago Tribune.

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ORDINANCE ARCHITECTS
OF THE ATTENTION.
FIRE COMMISSIONERS
Appointing Police Officials
to Act During Pendency
of Fire or Conflagration.

Whereas, under and pursuant to an Act of the Legislature of the State of California, approved March 6, 1899, authorizing the organization and equipment of a Fire Department in unincorporated towns and villages, with a Board of Fire Commissioners, whose duties include the selecting of special police officials, as set forth in Sections 22, 23 and 24, of said Act, as follows, to wit:

"Section 22. They may adopt such ordinance, within the purview of the preceding section, as they may deem proper to prevent fire and conflagrations, and for the protection of property at and during the pendency of any fire, and for that purpose may provide that at and during the pendency of any fire the officers of the fire company or companies present shall be vested with police powers. Such ordinances shall be signed by the said Fire Commissioners, and published in a newspaper printed in said town or village, or posted in three of the most public places thereof, for a period of two weeks, at the end of which time it shall be and become a law for the government of the inhabitants of said town or village."

"Sec. 23. Any person who shall violate any of the provisions of said ordinance shall be guilty of misdemeanor."

"Sec. 24. Any justice of the peace within the township within which said town or village is situated shall have jurisdiction of all prosecutions under this Act, and Sections fourteen hundred and twenty-six to fourteen hundred and forty-nine, both inclusive, title nine, chapter one, of the Penal Code, are hereby made applicable to proceedings under this Act."

Be it therefore ordained, that the officers of said Fire Department, including the Fire Chief, Assistant Fire Chief, and Captains and First Lieutenants of the companies, shall constitute the police force as provided for in the foregoing sections, 22, 23 and 24, specially named and designated as follows:

Fire Chief—Charles E. Montgomery.
 Assistant Fire Chief—C. A. Brattberg.
 Captain, Co. No. 1—Geo. W. Savage.
 Lieutenant, Co. No. 1—Joseph Ott.
 Captain, Co. No. 2—Herbert Secor.
 Lieutenant, Co. No. 2—H. Elmers.
 Captain, Co. No. 3—Edward J. Ford.
 Lieutenant, Co. No. 3—Ray Squires.
 That the said designated officers of the Fire Department shall be empowered with full police authority, as provided by law, and shall continue in said authority until their successors shall be named and qualified.

Signed:
 FRANK A. SMACK,
 H. H. SMITH,
 DENNIS QUILLINAN.
 Members of and constituting the Board of Fire Commissioners of the Village of Vista Grande, County of San Mateo, State of California.
 Dated, Vista Grande, California, May 24, A. D., 1910.

Panama Hats Seized by Government.
 New York.—Two-thirds of the Panama hats depended upon by jobbers and retailers to fill their orders for the summer season have been seized by the Government here. The seizure is said to worth more than a \$1,000,000. Special agents of the Treasury Department have found that appraisals often were made on the bill of lading value, without further examination.

Women's Hats Must Come Off.
 San Francisco.—The supervisors have received so many letters and protests regarding women wearing hats in nickelodeons that they have taken steps to prevent it. They unanimously passed to print an amendment of the ordinance prohibiting the wearing of hats in theaters, the amendment including the nickel shows.

Many Pacific Coast Tourists.
 San Francisco.—According to railroad officials 5000 people on this Coast are spending \$2,000,000 in railroad and steamship fares for European trips this season. The heft began in April and is still continuing.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Aspirants for political favors will do well to remember the Record in having their announcements published, as this paper is extensively circulated in a very thickly populated portion of San Mateo County and is practically read by everybody from the San Francisco line to the cemeteries. The Record is absolutely INDEPENDENT and therefore in a position to give one and all a **SQUARE DEAL**, and that is all you will get.

ELLIS C. JOHNSON
 For
 JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
 Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

JOS. J. BULLOCK
 (Incumbent)
 For
 DISTRICT ATTORNEY
 Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

C. D. HAYWARD
 (Incumbent)
 FOR
 ASSESSOR
 Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

P. P. CHAMBERLAIN
 (Incumbent)
 FOR
 COUNTY TREASURER
 Candidate for the Republican Nomination at the August Primary

C. L. McCracken
 (Incumbent)
 FOR
 TAX COLLECTOR
 Candidate for the Republican Nomination at the August Primary

H. O. HEINER
 FOR
 COUNTY RECORDER
 Candidate for the Republican Nomination at the August Primary

DR. H. G. PLYMIRE
 (Incumbent)
 FOR
 CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
 Candidate for the Republican Nomination at the August Primary

AMBROSE McSWEENEY
 FOR
 COUNTY TAX COLLECTOR
 Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

THOMAS L. HICKEY
 FOR
 ASSEMBLYMAN
 Candidate for the Republican Nomination at the August Primary

NOTICE FOR Contract of Painting.

Notice is hereby given that bids for painting the Jefferson School House, at Colma, California, will be received and opened at 8:00 o'clock p. m., on **Monday, June 20, 1910.**

Material to be furnished by Jefferson School District. Pure lead and oil to be used.

The Board of Trustees reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

S. BELL,
 GEO. W. SAVAGE,
 CHAS. SUENDERMAN.
 Trustees of Jefferson School District.
 Dated, June 7, 1910.

NOTICE FOR Tinting and Painting.

Notice is hereby given that bids for tinting walls and painting wood work, inside of Jefferson School House, at Colma, California, will be received and opened at 8:00 o'clock p. m., on **Monday, June 20, 1910.**

Material to be furnished by contractor.

The Board of Trustees reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

S. BELL,
 GEO. W. SAVAGE,
 CHAS. SUENDERMAN.
 Trustees of Jefferson School District.
 Dated, June 7, 1910.

The total value of church property reported in 1906, for all denominations, was \$1,257,575,867, of which \$325,942,478 was reported for Protestant bodies, \$292,638,787 for the Roman Catholic church and \$28,994,502 for all the remaining bodies.

NOTICE Fire Tax Election.

Whereas, under and pursuant to an Act of the Legislature of the State of California, approved March 6, 1899, entitled "An Act to amend an Act to allow unincorporated towns and villages to equip and maintain a fire department, and to assess and collect taxes from time to time for such purpose, and to create a Board of Commissioners (approved March 4, 1881, Stats., 1881, 26), relating to assessing and collecting said taxes," the Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo, State of California, did, upon a proper petition of more than fifty taxpayers and residents of the unincorporated Village of Vista Grande, in said County of San Mateo, State of California, appoint Frank A. Smack, H. H. Smith and Dennis Quillinan as a Board of Fire Commissioners of the Village of Vista Grande, of the County of San Mateo, State of California, to hold office until the second Monday in April, 1911, and until their successors were elected and qualified; and

Whereas, said Board of Fire Commissioners did fix and establish the fire limits of said Village of Vista Grande, and accurately describe the same, in writing, by metes and bounds, as hereinafter set forth; and

Whereas, Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the said Board of Fire Commissioners last named, said said named Board of Fire Commissioners, did fix and establish, and accurately describe, in writing, by metes and bounds, the fire limits of said village of Vista Grande as follows, to wit:

Fire District—Vista Grande.
 Commencing at a point on the North boundary line of San Mateo County at the intersection of the East boundary line of the Southern Pacific Railroad right of way, running thence East along said North boundary line of San Mateo County to the center of the Mission Road; running thence Southwest along the center of the Mission Road to the intersection of this line with San Jose Avenue; thence South along the boundary line dividing the lands of the Crocker Estate Company and the lands of John Daly and Frank Knowls; running thence Southwest to the Northeast corner of Union Park tract; thence running West along the North boundary line of the Union Park tract to the Mission Road; running thence North on the Mission Road to the South boundary line of the Vista Grande Tract; running thence West along the South boundary line of Vista Grande Tract to the West boundary line of the Vista Grande Tract; running thence North along the West boundary line of the Vista Grande Tract to the intersection of this line with the North boundary line of the Vista Grande Tract; running thence East along the North boundary line of the Vista Grande Tract to the intersection of the line forming the East boundary line of the Southern Pacific Railroad right of way; running thence Northeast along the East side of the Southern Pacific Railroad right of way to the original place of beginning.

All of the above parcels of land described, situated in the North part of San Mateo County, State of California, and adjoining the City of San Francisco on the South.

Notice is hereby given to the electors residing within the fire limits above described, that in accordance with the provisions of said Act of the Legislature, of the State of California, approved March 6, 1899, an election will be held on the 11th day of June, A. D., 1910, at Ryan's Hall, in the village of Vista Grande, County of San Mateo, State of California, at which time will be submitted to said electors the question whether a tax shall be levied and raised for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a fire department for the said village of Vista Grande, of the County of San Mateo, State of California, and for protecting the same from loss by fire, and whether a tax shall be levied upon property within said fire limits and collected, sufficient to raise the sum of Two Thousand and One Hundred (\$2,100) Dollars, with which to purchase water tank, hose, hose-carts, fire plugs, pipe and all other essential apparatus sufficient to thoroughly equip the department.

The polls of said election will be opened and the election held at the said Ryan's Hall, in the village of Vista Grande, County of San Mateo, State of California, on the 11th day of June, A. D., 1910, and the polls will be open from 8:00 o'clock, a. m., until 5:00 o'clock, p. m., of said day.

J. J. Fahey, Geo. W. Savage and John Bracken will act as judges of said election, and W. M. Talbot and Ray Squires will act as clerks of said election, to conduct the same.

That at such election the ballots shall contain the words: "Tax—Yes" or "Tax—No."

That the amount of money to be raised is Two Thousand and One Hundred (\$2,100) Dollars for the purchase of water tank, hose, hose-carts, fire plugs, pipe and all essential apparatus sufficient to thoroughly equip the department; said election will be held as provided by law and as nearly as practicable in conformity with the general election law.

Board of Fire Commissioners of the Village of Vista Grande, of the County of San Mateo, State of California.
 FRANK A. SMACK,
 H. H. SMITH,
 DENNIS QUILLINAN.

Members of and constituting the Board of Fire Commissioners of the Village of Vista Grande, of the County of San Mateo, State of California.
 Dated, Vista Grande, California, May 24th, A. D., 1910. jnl

How often, on how often,
 Since I gave the world my story,
 Have I wished that I had just passed on by,
 And claimed no share of the glory!
 —Los Angeles Express.

EAT GOOD MEAT
SUCH AS IS SOLD BY THE
Vista Grande Meat Market
 Only U. S. Government Inspected Meats

BEWARE OF DISEASE FROM TUBERCULAR MEAT
 ORDERS TAKEN AND MEAT DELIVERED TO CUSTOMERS

HENRY BAUER, Proprietor
THE POPULAR SALOON
 AT
Hillcrest, Where All The Cars Stop
 END OF THE FIVE-CENT CAR LIMIT

PACIFIC MEAT CO.
 First Township
ONLY U. S. GOV'T. INSPECTED MEATS
JIM CASEY

KENNEDY'S UNION LAUNDRY
VISTA GRATDE
 First-Class Work Satisfaction Always
 WE CATER TO THE COMFORT OF THE TRAVELING PUBLIC
COLMA HOTEL
 J. BEICHLER, Proprietor
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS SERVED
 San Mateo and Cemetery Cars Stop at Hotel COLMA, SAN MATEO CO., CAL.

\$1.50 THAT'S ALL
 Will Secure The
COLMA RECORD
 FOR A YEAR

SAN MATEO COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Judge Superior Court.....G. H. Buck	Grace Presbyterian Church—Rev. A. R. Willis, Pastor (Residence, 442 Athens St., S. F.)—Services, 11 a. m.; Sunday School, 10 a. m.
Treasurer.....P. P. Chamberlain	POSTOFFICE NOTICE.
Tax Collector.....C. L. McCracken	Postoffice open daily from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Sundays, 8 A. M. to 9 A. M. Money order window opened from 7 A. M. to 5:45 P. M.
Assessor.....C. D. Hayward	Letters for registration must be posted half an hour previous to the time for closing the mail.
County Clerk.....Joseph H. Nash	Mails are dispatched from office 15 minutes before train time.
County Recorder.....John F. Johnston	Out-going mail leaves as follows:
Auditor.....Robert Chatham	7:08 A. M.
Superintendent of Schools.....Roy Cloud	1:10 P. M.
Coroner and Public Administrator.....Dr. H. G. Plymire	6:49 P. M.
Surveyor.....James B. Neuman	Mails arriving at this office are due as follows:
Health Officer.....W. G. Beattie, M. D.	6:05 A. M.
Officials—First Township	11:58 A. M.
Supervisor.....James T. Casey	5:55 P. M.
Justice of the Peace.....A. McSweeney	G. W. TAYLOR
Constable.....Bob Carroll	Postmaster.
Postmaster.....B. S. Greene	

THE CHURCHES.

CATHOLIC.
 Colma—Mass, 9:30 a. m.
 Ocean View—7:30, and 11:00.
 South San Francisco—8:30.

Vista Grande M. E. Church—Rev. David Ralston, Pastor; Rev. J. E. Prescott, Asst.—Services 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Prayer Meeting, Thursdays; Junior League, Saturdays, 2:30 p. m.; Mrs. Meeth, Supt.; Epworth League, Sundays, 6:30 p. m.; Miss Ada Tucker, Pres.; Ladies Aid, alternate Tuesdays, 2:30 p. m.; Mrs. Redding, Pres.

VISTA GRANDE POSTOFFICE
 Open daily from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays and holidays 8 A. M. to 12 M. Outgoing mails close 6 A. M. and 6 P. M. Mail arrives at 7 A. M. and 7 P. M.
 E. C. JOHNSON, Postmaster.